THE FIRST FOVRE BOOKES OF VIRGILS ÆNEIS,

Tranſlated into Engliſh Heroicall Verſe,
by RICHARD STANYHVRST:

With other Poëticll deuiſes thereto annexed.

AT LONDON,
Imprinted by Henrie Bynneman
dwelling in Thames ſtreate neare
vnto Baynardes Caſtell.
ANNO DOMINI,
1583.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE MY VERY LOVING BROTHER THE LORDE BARON OF DVNSANYE.

WHat deepe and rare pointes of hidde ſecrets *Virgil* hathe ſealde vp in hys twelue bookes of *Aeneis*, maye eaſily appeare to ſuch reaching wits, as bend their endeuours, to the vnfolding therof; not only by gnibling vpon the outwarde rine of a ſuppoſed hiſtorie, but alſo by groaping the pyth, that is ſhrind vp within the barke and bodie of ſo exquiſit and ſingular a diſcourſe. For whereas the chiefe praiſe of a wryter conſiſteth in the enterlacing of pleaſure with profit: our author hath ſo wiſely alayde the one with the other, as the ſhallow reader may be delighted with a ſmooth tale, and the diuing ſearcher may be aduantaged by ſowning a pretious treatiſe. And certes this preheminencie of writing is chiefly e (if we reſpecte our old Latin Poets) to be affourded to *Virgil* in this worke, & to *Ouid* in his *Metamorphoſis*. As for *Ennius*, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*, *Perſius* and the rablement of ſuch cheate Poëts, their doings are, for fauour of antiquitie, rather to be patiently allowed, than high-

ly regarded. Such leauings as were of *Ennius* his ragged verſes are nothing currant, but ſauour ſomwhat nappie of the ſpiggot, as one that was neuer accuſtomed to ſtrike vp the drum, and to crie in blazing martial exploits, alarme, but when he were half tipſye, as *Horace recordeth*. The other three, ouer this that their verſes in camfering wiſe runne harſh and rough perfourme nothing in matter, but biting quippes, taunting darkely certayne men of ſtate, that liued in their age, beſprinckling their *inuectiues* with ſome morall precepts, anſwerable to the capacitie of euery weake braine. But our *Virgil* not content with ſuch meigre ſtuffe, doth labour in tylling, as it were a *Canterburie* tale, to ferret out the ſecretes of *Nature*, with wordes ſo fitly couchte, with verſes ſo ſmoothly ſlickte, with ſentences ſo featly ordred, with orations ſo neatly burniſht, with ſimilitudes ſo aptly applyed, with eche *decorum* ſo duely obſerued, as in truth he hath in right purchaſed to himſelfe the name of a ſurpaſsing Poet, the fame of an odde oratour, and the admiration of a profound philoſopher. Hauing therefore (my good lord) taken vpon mee to execute ſome parte of Maiſter *Aſkams* will, who, in his golden pāphlet, intituled the *Schoolemaiſter*, doth wiſh the Vniuerſitie ſtudents to applie their wittes in beautifying our Engliſhe language with heroicall verſes: I held no *Latiniſt* ſo fit, to giue the onſet on, as *Virgil* who, for his pereleſſe ſtile, and machleſſe ſtuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane Poëts. Howbeit, I haue here halfe a geſſe, that two ſorts of carpers wil ſeeme to ſpurne at this mine enterpriſe. The one vtterly ignorant, the other meanely lettered. The ignorant, wil imagine, that the paſſage was nothing craggy, in as much as *M. Phaer* hath broken the ice before mee: The meaner clearkes wil ſuppoſe my trauaile in theſe heroicall verſes to carrie no greate difficultie, in that it laye in my choice, to make what word I woulde ſhort or long, hauing no Engliſh writer before me in this kinde of poetrie, wyth whoſe ſquire I ſhoulde leauel my ſyllables. To ſhape therefore an aunſweare to the firſt, I ſay, they are altogither in a wrong boxe: conſidering that ſuche wordes as fit *M. Phaer*, may be very vnapt for me, whiche they woulde confeſſe, if their skil were ſo much as ſpare, in theſe verſes. Furthermore, I ſtād ſo nicely on my pantofles that way, as if I coulde, yet I would not run on the ſcore with *M. Phaer*,

or

or any other, by borrowing his termes in so copious and fluent a language as oure Englisſh tongue is. And in good sooth, althoughe the gentleman hath translated *Virgil* into Englisſhe rythme with such surpasing excellencie, as a very few (in my conceit) for pickte and loftie words can bourd him, none, I am wel assured, ouergoe him: yet he hath rather doubled than defalckt ought of my paines, by reason that in conferring his translation with mine, I was forced, to weede out from my verses such choise wordes, as were forestalled by him: vnlesse they were so feeling, as others coulde not counteruaile their signification: In which case it were no reason, to sequester my pen from their acquaintance, considering, that as *M. Phaer* was not the firste founder, so he may not be accounted the only owner of such termes. Truly I am so farre from embeazling his trauailes, as that for the honour of the Englisſhe, I durst vndertake, to run ouer these bookes againe, and to giue them a new liuerie in such different wise, as they should not iet with *M. Phaers* badges, ne yet bee clad with this apparaile, wherewyth at this presente they come foorth attyred. Whiche I speake not of vanitie, to enhaunce my cunning, but of meere veritie, to aduance the riches of our speech. Moreouer in some points of greateſt price, where the matter, as it were, doth bleede, I was mooued to shunne *M. Phaers* interpretation, and cling more neere to the meaning of mine authour, in slicing the huske, and cracking the shell, to bestowe the kernell vpon the wittie and inquisitiue Reader. I coulde lay downe sundrie examples, were it not I shoulde be thought ouer curious, by prying out a pimple in a bent: but a few shall suffice. In the fourth booke, *Virgil* disciphring the force of *Mercurie* among other propertie wryteth thus:

Dat somnos adimitq;, & lumina morte resignat.

M. Phaer doth Englisſh in this wise:

And sleepes therewith he giues and takes, and men from death defendes.

Mine interpretation is this:

He causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd vphasping.

This is cleane contrarie to *M. Phaer*. He wryteth, that *Mercurie* defendeth from *death*, I write that it procureth *death*, whyche (vnder his correction) doth more annere to the Authour his

minde, and to *Natures* working. For if *Mercurie* didde not slea before it did saue, and procured sleeping eare it caused waking. *Nature* in hir operations woulde bee founderd, the fat were in the fire, the market were marred. To like effecte *Chaucer* bringeth, in the fift booke, *Troilus* thus mourning.

Thee owle eeke, which that hight Ascaphylo,
Hath after mee shright al these nightes two:
And God Mercurye, now of mee woful wreche
Thee soule gyde, and when thee list, it feche.

Againe *Virgil* in diuerse places inuesteth *Iuno* with this epitheton, *Saturnia*, *M. Phaer* ouerpasseth it, as if it were an idle word shuffled in by the Authour to damme vp the chappes of yawning verses. I neuer to my remembrance omitted it, as indeede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphaticall, as the ouerslipping of it were in effect the choaking of the Poets discourse, in such hauking wise, as if he were throtled with the chincoughe. And to inculcate that clause the better, where the mariage is made in the fourth boke betwene *Dido* and *Aeneas*, I adde in my verse *Watry Iuno*, Although mine author vsed not the epitheton, *Watrye*, but onelye made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fier*: yet I am well assured, that word throughly conceiued of an hedeful student may giue him such light, as may ease him of sixe moneths trauaile: whyche were well spent, if that *Wedlocke* were wel vnderstoode. Thus *Virgil* in hys *Aeneis*, and *Ouid* in his *Metamorphosis* are so tickle in some places, as they rather craue a construction than a translation. But it may be here after (If God wil grace my proceedings) I shall be occasioned, in my *Fin Couleidos*, to vnlace more of these mysteries. Whiche booke I muste be many yeares breeding: but if it be throughly effected, I stande in hope it wil fall out to be *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philosophis*.

Now to come to them that gesse my trauaile to bee easie, by reason of the libertie I had in English words (for as I cannot diuine vpon such bookes, that happly rouke in students mews, so I truste, I offer no man iniurie, if I assume to my self the maidenhead of all works, that haue bene before this time in print, to my knowlege, diuulged in this kind of verse) I wil not greatly wrangle with them therein: yet this much they are to consider, that as the first applying of a word may ease me in the first

place,

place, ſo perhaps, when I am occaſioned to vſe the ſelfe ſame worde elſewhere, I may bee as much hindered, as at the beginning I was furthered. For example: In the firſte verſe of *Virgil*, I make *ſeaſon*, long, in an other place it wil ſteede me percaſe more, if I made it ſhort: & yet I am now tyed to vſe it as lōg. So that the aduantage that way is not very great. But as for the generall facilitie, this much I dare warrant yong beginners, that when they ſhal haue ſome firme footing in this kinde of Poetrie, which by a little painefull exerciſe may be purchaſed, they ſhal finde as eaſie a veine in the Engliſh, as in the Latine verſes, yea, and much more eaſie than in the *Engliſh rithmes*. Touching mine owne triall, this muche I will diſcouer. The three firſte bookes I tranſlated by ſtarts, as my leaſure and pleaſure would ſerue me. In the fourth booke I did taske my ſelfe, and purſued the matter ſomewhat hotely. *M. Phaer* tooke to the making of that booke fifteene dayes: I hudled vp mine in ten. Wherein I couet no praiſe, but rather doe craue pardon. For like as forelittering bitches whelp blinde puppies, ſo I may be perhaps intwighted of more haſte than good ſpeede. as Sir *Thomas Moore* in like caſe gybeth at one that made vaunt of certaine pild verſes clouted vp *extrumpere*.

Hos quid te ſcripſiſſe mones ex tempore verſus?
Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.

But to leaue that to the verdict of others (wherein I craue the good liking of the curteous, and ſcorne the controlment of the curriſh, as thoſe that vſually reprehend moſt, and yet can amend leaſt) the oddes betweene *verſe* and *rythme* is very greate. For, in the one, euerie *foote*, euerie *worde*, euerie *ſyllable*, yea, euerie *letter* is to be obſerued: in the other, the laſt *worde* is onelye to be heeded: As is very liuely expreſſed by the *lawyer* in empaneling a iurie.

Iohannes Doe:	*Iohannes Den:*	*Iohannes Hye:*	M. Kytchin in Courte-lete pag. 51. A.
Richardus Roe:	*Willielmus Fen:*	*Thomas Pye:*	
Iohannes Myles:	*Willielmus Neile:*	*Richardus Leake:*	
Thomas Giles:	*Iohannes Sneile:*	*Iohannes Peake.*	

Happlye ſuche curious *markers*, as your I. ordſhippe is, wil accompt this but *rythme dogrel*: but we may ſute it with a more ciuil word, by terming it, *rythme peale meale*, it rolleth ſo roundly in the hearers eares. And are there not diuerſe skauingers of

draftie Poetrie in this oure age, that baſte their papers wyth ſmearie larde ſauoring altogither of the frying pan? What *Tom Towly* is ſo ſimple, that wil not attempt to be a *rythmoure*. If your Lordſhip ſtand in doubt thereof, what thinke you of the *thicke-skinne* that made this for a *farewel* for his *Miſtreſſe* vpon his departure from *Abingtowne*?

Abingtowne, Abingtowne God be with thee:
For thou haſte a ſteeple like a dagger ſheathe.

And an other in the praiſe, not of a ſteeple, but of a dagger.

When all is gone but the black ſcabbard,
Wel fare thee haſt with thee duggeon dagger.

The third (for I will preſent your Lordſhip wyth a leſhe) in the commendation of bacon.

Hee is not a king that weareth ſatten,
But hee is a king that eateth bacon.

Haue not theſe men made a faire ſpeake? if they hadde putte in *Mighte Ioue*, and *Gods* in the plurall number, and *Venus* wyth *Cupyde the blinde Boye*, al had beene in the nicke, the rythme had bin of a right ſtãp. For a few ſuch ſtitches botch vp our new faſhion makers. Prouided notwithſtanding alwayes that *Artaxerxes*, albeit he be ſpurgallde, being ſo much galloped, bee placed in the dedicatorie epiſtle, receiuing a cuppe of water of a ſwaine, or elſe all is not worth a beane. Good God, what a frie of ſuch *wooden rythmours* doth ſwarme in Stacioners ſhops, who neuer inſtructed in anie Grammar ſchoole, not attayning to the parings of the Latine or Greeke tongue, yet lyke blinde bayards ruſhe on forwarde, foſtring their vaine conceits with ſuch ouerweening fillie follies, as they recke not to bee condemned of the learned for ignorant, ſo they bee commended of the ignorant for learned. The readieſt way therefore to flap theſe droanes from the ſweete ſenting hiues of *Poetrye*, is for the learned to applie them ſelues wholly (if they bee delighted with that veine) to the true making of verſes in ſuche wiſe as the *Greekes* and *Latines*, the fathers of knowledge haue done: and to leaue to theſe doltiſhe coiſtrels their rude rythming and balducketome ballads. To the ſtirring therefore of the ryper, and the incouraging of the yonger gentlemenne of our *Vniuerſities*. I haue taken ſome paines that waye, which I thought

thought good to beetake to youre Lordſhips patronage, beeing of it ſelfe otherwiſe ſo tender, as happly it might ſcant endure the tippe of a frumping fillipp. And thus omitting all other *ceremoniall complementoes* betweene your Lordeſhippe and me, I committe you and youre proceedings to the garding and guyding of the almightie.

From *Leiden* in *Holland*, the laſte of Iune. 1582.

(* * *)

Your Lordſhips louing brother,
Richard Stanyhurſt.

TO THE LEARNED READER.

IN the obſeruation of quantities of ſyllables, ſome haply wil be ſo ſtifly tyed to the ordinances of the Latines, as what ſhall ſeeme to ſwarue frō their maxims, they wil not ſtick to ſcore vp for errours. In whiche reſolution, ſuch curious *Priſcianiſts* do attribute greater prerogatiue to the Latine tongue, than reaſon will affourde, and leſſe libertie to our language, than nature may permit. For in as muche as the Latines haue not beene authors of theſe verſes, but traced in the ſteppes of the Greekes, why ſhould we with the ſtrings of the Latine rules crampe our tongue, more than the Latines do fetter their ſpeech, as it were, with the chaines of the Greeke precepts. Alſo that nature wil not permit vs to faſhion our wordes in all points correſpondent to the Latiniſtes, maye eaſily appeare in ſuch termes as we borrow of them. For example: The firſt of, *Breuiter*, is ſhort, the firſt of, *briefly*, with vs muſt be long. Likewiſe, *ſonans*, is ſhort, yet, *ſowning*, in Engliſh muſt be long: & much more if it were, *Sounding*, as the ignorant generaly, but falſly do write, nay, that whereat I wonder more, the learned trippe their pennes at this ſtone, in ſo much as *M. Phaer* in the very firſte verſe of Virgil miſtaketh the worde. Yet *ſounde* and *ſowne* differ as muche in Engliſhe, as *ſolidus* and *ſonus* in Latine. Alſo in the middeſt of a worde wee differ ſometimes from

from the Romanes. As in Latine we pronounce, *Orâtor, Auditor, Magîſter long*: in Engliſh, *Oratour, Auditoure, Magiſtrat*, ſhort. Likewiſe wee pronounce, *Præparo, Compæro*, ſhort in Latine, and, *prepâred*, and *compâred* long in Engliſh. Againe, the infalliblest rule that the Latines haue for the quantitie of middle ſyllables is this. *Penultima acuta producitur, vt virtûtis; penultima grauata corripitur, vt ſanguinis.* *Honoure* in Engliſhe, is ſhorte, as wyth the Latines: yet *diſhonour* muſt be long by the former maxime: which is contrarie to an other ground of the Latines, whereby they preſcribe, that the *primatiue* and *deriuatiue*, the *ſimple* and *compound* be of one quantitie. But that rule of al others muſt be abandoned from the Engliſh, otherwiſe all wordes in effecte ſhoulde be abridged. *Moother*, I make long. Yet *grandmother* muſt be ſhort. *Buckler* is long; yet *ſwaſhbuckler* is ſhort. And albeit that worde be long by *poſition*, yet doubtleſſe the naturall dialect of Engliſh wil not allowe of that rule in middle ſyllables, but it muſt be of force with vs excepted, where the natural pronuntiation wil ſo haue it. For otherwiſe we ſhould baniſh a number of good and neceſſary words from our verſes, as *M. G. Haruey* (if I miſtake not the gentlemãs name) hath very wel obſerued in one of his familiar letters: where he layeth down diuers words ſtraying frõ the latine precepts, as *Maieſtie, Royaltie, honeſtie, &c.* And ſoothly, to my ſeeming, if the coniunction, *And*, were made common in Engliſh, it were not amiſſe, although it bee long by *poſition*: For the Romanes are greately aduantaged by their wordes, *Et, Que, Quoque, Atque*: which were the diſioincted from the Latine poëtrie, manye good verſes woulde be raueld and diſmembred, that nowe carrye a good grace among them, hauing their ioints knit with theſe copulatiue ſinnewes. But to rippe vp further the peculiar proprietie of our Engliſh, let vs liſten to *Tullies* iudgement, wherein though he ſeeme very peremptorie, yet, wyth his fauour he miſſeth the cuſhion. Thus in his booke, intituled *Orator*, he writeth, *Ipſa natura, quaſi modularetur hominum orationem, in omni verbo poſuit acutam vocem, nec vna plus, nec à poſtrema ſyllaba citra tertiam.* In this ſaying *Tullie* obſerueth three points. Firſte, that by courſe of *Nature* euery word hath an *accent*. Next, one onely: laſtly, that the ſaide *accent* muſt be on the laſte ſyllable, as *propè*, or on the laſt ſauing one, as *Virtûtis*, or at the furtheſt, on the thirde ſyllable,

lable, as *Omnipotens*. Yet this rule taketh no ſuch infallible effect with vs, although *Tullie* maketh it naturall, who by the skill of the Greeke and Latine did aime at other languages to him vnknowen and therefore is to be borne withall. As, *Peremtorie*, is a worde of foure ſyllables, and yet the *accent* is in the firſte. So *Sécundarie*, *órdinarie*, *Máirimonie*, *Páimonie*, *Plánetarie*, *imperatiue*, *Cóſmographie*, *órtographie*, with many like. For althoughe the ignorant pronounce, *Impératiue*, *Coſmógraphie*, *Ortógraphie*, giuing the *accent* to the thirde ſyllable, yet that is not the true Engliſh pronuntiation. Nowe put caſe the cantel of the Latine verſe (*Sapiens dominabitur aſtris*) were thus Engliſhed: *Planetarie worckings thee wiſemans vertue repreſſeth*: albeit the middle of *planeta* be long with the Romanes, yet I woulde not make it ſcrupulous, to ſhorten it in Engliſh, by reaſon the natural pronuntiation would haue it ſo. For the finall ende of a verſe is to pleaſe the eare, whych muſt needes be the vmpire of the word, and according to that waight our ſyllables muſte bee poyſed. Wherefore, ſith the *Poetes* themſelues aduouche, *Tu nihil inuita fa ies, dicteſue Minerua*. That nothing may bee done or ſpoken againſt nature, and that *Arte* is alſo bounde to ſhape it ſelfe by al imitation to *Nature*: wee muſte requeſte theſe *grammaticall Preciſians*, that as euery countrey hath his peculiar lawe, ſo they permit euery language to vſe his particular lore. For my parte I purpoſe not to beate on euery childiſh tittle, that concerneth *Proſodia*, neither do I vndertake to chalke out any lines or rules to others, but to lay downe to the reader his view the courſe I tooke in this my trauell. Such words as proceede from the Latine, and be not altered by our Engliſhe, in them I obſerue the quantitie of the Latine. As *Honeſt*, *Honour*: a fewe I excepted, as the firſte of *apeered*, *auenture*, *aproched* I make ſhort, although they are long in Latine: as *Apparco*, *Aduenio*, *Appropinquo*: for which, and percaſe a few ſuch words I muſt craue pardon of the curteous Reader. For otherwiſe it were like ynough that ſome *grammaticall pullet*, hatcht in *Diſpaters* lachell, would ſtand clocking againſt me, as though he had founde an horſe neſt, in laying that down for a fault, that perhaps I do know better thã he. Yet in theſe *deriuatiõs* of terms I would not be domde bv euery reaching heralt, that in rõaming wiſe wil attẽpt to fetch their petite degree of wordes, I know not from what auncetour. As I

make

make the firſt of *Riuer* ſhort. A wrangler may imagin it ſhould be long, by reaſon of *Riuus*, of which it ſeemeth to bee deriued. And yet forſooth *riuus* is but a *brooke*, and not a *riuer*. Likewyſe ſome Engliſh words may be read in ſome places long, in ſome ſhort, as *skywarde, ſeaward, ſearowme*. The difference therof groweth becauſe they are but compound words that may be with good ſenſe ſunderd: and the laſt of *Sea*, and *skie* being common breedeth that diuerſitie. Alſo the ſelfe ſame word may varie bicauſe of the ſignification. The firſte of *Felon* for a *theefe* I make long, but when it ſignifieth the diſeaſe, ſo named, I holde it better to make it ſhort. Againe a word that is ſhort being deuided, may be long, in an other place contracted. As the firſt of *Leaues*, if you diuide in two ſyllables, I make ſhort, if you contract it to one ſyllable, I make it long. So the firſte in *Crauing* is long, and the third perſon of the Verb, to wit, *Craues*, maye ſeeme ſhort, where the next word following beginneth wyth a vocal; yet it is long by contraction: and ſo diuerſe like wordes are to be taken. And truly ſuch nice obſeruations that *grammarians* do preſcribe, are not by the choiſeſt Poets alwayes ſo preciſely put in execution: as in this oure authour I haue by the way marked. In the fore front of the firſte booke hee maketh the firſte of *Lauinum* long. In the ſame booke hee vſeth it for ſhort. Likewiſe doth he varie the firſte of *Sichæus*. So in the third booke the middeſt of *Cyclopes* ſometime is made long, ſomtime ſhort. And in the ſame booke the Coniunction, *Que*, is long, as,

Liminaq; lauruſque Dei totuſq; moueri. And in the fourth:

Cretéſque Driopeſque ſerunt, pictique Agathyrſi:

Alſo the firſt of *Italia* is long: yet in the third booke *Italus* is ſhort, as,

Has autem terras, Italique hanc littoris oram.

Touching the *termination* of ſyllables, I made a *proſodia* to my ſelfe ſquaring ſomewhat from the Latine: in this wiſe.

A finita communia. B. D. E. breuia: yet theſe wordes that end like dipthongs are common: as *mouth ſouth, &c.* C common. E common: if it be ſhort, I write it vſually with a ſingle E. as, *the, me*, if long, with two, as *thee mee*: although I would not wiſhe the quantitie of ſyllables to depend ſo much vpon the gaze of the eye, as the cenſure of the eare. F. *breuia*: G. *breuia*: ſometyme long

long by *position* where D may be interserted, as *passage* is shorte, but if you make it long, *passadge* with D woulde be written, albeit, as I saide right nowe, the eare, not ortographie muste decide the quantitie, as neare as is possible. I common. K commō. L *breuia, præter Hebræa, vt Michaël, Gabriel.* N *breuia*, yet wordes ending in dipthong-wise would be common, as *plaine*, *fayne*, *swaine*. O common, *præter ô longum.* P *Breu.* R *Breu.* Except words ending like dipthongs that maye bee common, as *youre*, *oure*, *houre*, *soure*, *succour*, *&c.* As and Es common. Is *breu.* Os common. Vs *breu.* V common. As for M. it is either long by *position*, or else clipped, if the nexte worde beginne with a vocall: as *fame*, *name*; for albeit E be the last letter, that must not salue M from accurtation, because in the eare M is the last letter, and E doth naught else but lengthen and mollifie the pronuntiation. As for I. Y. W. in as much as they are mongrels, somtimes consonants, sometime vocals, where they further, I doe not reiecte them, where they hinder, I doe not greatelye weigh them. As the middle of *folowing* I make shorte, notwithstanding the W: and likewise the first of *power*. But where a consonant immediately followeth the W, I make it alwayes long as *fowling*. Thus much I thought good to acquaint the gentle Reader wythall, rather to discouer, with what priuate precepts I haue embayed my verses, than to publishe a *directorie* to the learned, who in their trauailes may franckly vse their owne discretion, wythout my direction.

The

THE FIRSTE BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

That in old season wyth reeds oten harmonye whistled
My rural sonnet, from forrest flitted (I) forced
Thee sulcking swincker thee soile, though craggie, to sunder.
A labor & a trauaile too plowswains hartily welcoom.
Now manhod and garbolls I chaūt, and martial horror.
I blaze thee captayne first from *Troy* cittie repairing,
Lyke wandring pilgrim to famosed *Italie* trudging,
And coast of *Lauyn*: sould wyth tempestuus hurlwynd,
On land and sayling, by Gods predestinate order:
But chiefe through Iunoes long fostred deadlye reuengment.
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could stately be buylded,
Or Gods there setled: thence flitted thee Latine ofspring.
The roote of old Alban: thence was *Rome* peereles inhaunced.
My muse shew the reason, what grudge or what furie kindled
Of Gods the Princesse, through so curs'd mischeuus hatred,
Wyth sharpe sundrye perils too tugge so famus a captaine.
Such festred rancoure doo Saynets celestial harbour?
A long buylt citty there stood, *Carthago* so named,
From the mouth of *Tybris*, from land eke of *Italie* seauer'd,
Posset wyth Tyrians, in strength and riches abounding,

There

There Iuno the Princes her Empyre wholye reposed,
Her *Samos* outcasting, heere shee did hir armorie settle,
And warlick chariots, heere cheesly hir ioylitie raigned.
This towne shee labored to make the gorgeus empresse,
Of towns and regions, hir drift if destinie furthred.
But this her whole meaning a southsayd mysterie letted,
That from thee Troians should braunch a lineal ofspring,
Which would thee Tyrian turrets quite batter a sunder,
And *Libye* land likewise with warlick victorye conquoure.
Thus loe bye continuance thee naues of fortum ar altred.
This Iuno fearing, and old broyls bluddye recounting,
Ul'd by her Greeke fauorits, that Troian kittye repressed,
Her rancour canckred shee cannot let to remember,
And Paris his scorning iudgement doeth burne in her entrayls.
Shee pouts, that Ganymed by loue too skytop is hoysed.
Shee bears that kinred, that sept vnmerciful hatred.
With these coals kindled shee sought al possible engins
In surging billows too touze thee company Troian.
Al the frush and leauings of Greeks of wrathful Achilles.
Through this wide roaming thee Troians *Italie* milling.
Ful manye years wandred stil crost with destenye backward.
Such trauel in planting thee Romans auncetrye claymed.
E'ward *Sicil* Isle scantly thee Troian nauye did enter,
And the sea salte foaming wyth braue flantadoe dyd harrow,
When that Iuno Goddesse thee fuid must deadlye reuoluing
Thus to hir selfe mumbled: shal I leaue my purpose vnaunswer'd?
Or shal I this Troian to seize thus on *Italye* sutter?
Forsooth I stand letted by fates and clarcklye recounted.
As though that Pallas could not bee fullye reuenged,
Thee Greekfleete scorching, the Greekish companye drowning?
And for one his faulty practise, for madnesse of Aiax?
This Queene wild lightnings from cloudes of Iuppiter hurling
Downe swasht their nauy, thee swelling surges vphal ing.
The pacient panting shee thumpt and launst with a fyreholt,
And withal his carcasse on rockish pinnacle hanged.
And shal I then Iuno, of Saincts al the Princes abyding,
Both the wife and sister to peereless Iuppiter holden,
In so great a season wyth one od pild countrie be warring
If this geare cotten, what wight wyl yeelde to mine aulters

Bright

Bright honor and Sacrifice, with rites my person adoring:
Thus she frying fretted, thus deepely plunged in anger,
AEolian kingdoom shee raught; where blusterus huzzing
Of wynds in prison thee great king Æolus hampreth.
Theese flaws theyr cabbans wyth stur snar iarrye doe ransack,
Greedilye delying too rang: king Æolus, highly
In castel setled, theyr strief dooth pacifie wisely.
But for this managing, a great hurly burlye the wyndblasts
Would keepe on al maine seas & lands with woonderus humbling.
Thee father almighty this mischiefe warilye doubting,
Mew'd vp theese reuelers coupt in strong dungeon hillish,
And a king he placed, through whose Maiestical Empyre
Theese blasts rouze forward, or back by his regal apointment.
Too this princelye regent her suit ladie Iuno thus op'ned:
Æolus (in so much as of mankind the Emperor heau'nlye
And father of thee Gods too thee the auctoritye signed
Too swage seas surging, or raise by blusterus huffling)
Thee water of *Tyrrhen* my foes wyth naupe doe trauerse:
Troy towne with tam'd gods too land ek of *Italy* bringing.
Yeeld to the wynds passadge, duck downe their fleete with a tẽpest,
Or ships wyde scatter, wyth flouds that companye swallow.
Nymphs do I keepe fourteene for peereleſſe bewtie renowmed,
Of theese thee paragon, for fayrnesse, Dëiöpeia
Too thee in fast wedlock wil I knit, thye wife onlye remaynings
Thy pheere most faythful through endles season abyding,
Thee father of fayre brats, for this thy curtelye, making.
This labor is needeleſſe (deere Queene) king Æolus aunswer'd.
Thy mynd to accõplish my bounden duetye requireth.
For my mace and kingdoom through thy fast freendship I gained.
Through thy freendlie trauaile mee dooth king Iuppiter algats
Tender: by thye labour wyth Gods at bancket I solace.
Thow mad'st me in tempest and blustors loftelie ruling.
This sayd: with poincted flatchet thee mountan he broached:
Rush do ẏ winds forward through per'st chinck narrolie whizling;
Thee land turmoyling with blast and terribil huzzing.
They skud too the seaward, from deepe profunditie raking
Too the skie thee surges, the east west contrarie doe struggle
And southwind ruffling: on coast thee chau'ft floud is hurled.
Crash do the rent tacklings; thee men raise an horribil owtcrie.

Thee clowds snatch gloomming from sight of coompanie Troian
Both Light and welkin: thee night dooth shadd thee passadge.
Thee skies doo thunder, thee lightnings riesly doe flush flam,
Nought breeds them coomfort, eache thing mortalitie threatneth.
Æneas (his lims with sharp cold chillye benummed)
Dooth groane, then to skyward his clasp hands heavilye lifting,
Thus spake: O Troians, ô thrise most nobil or happy
That before eu'ne the parents with bickring martial ended
Your liues at townewals: of Greekes ô woorthie the strongest
Stout Diomed: bye the fields of Troy what fortun vnhappie
Wee fenst from falling with thy fierce slaughterus handstroke.
Wheare lies strong Hector slaughtred by manful Achilles.
Wheare stout Sarpedon dooth rest, where gauntlet or helmet
In water of *Simois*, with sould'ours carcases harbours.
This kynye sad solsing, thee northren bluster aprothing
Thee sayls tears tag rag, to the skie thee waues vphoysing.
The oars are cleene splintred, the helme is from ruther vnhakted
Their ships too larboord doo nod, seas monsterus haunt theim.
In tips of billows soom ships with danger ar hanging.
Soom sinck too bottoms, sulcking thee surges asunder:
Thee sands are mounted: thee southwynd merciles eager
Three gallant vessels on rocks gnawne craggye reposed.
(These rancks the Italian dwellers doo nominat altars)
Likewise three vessels the east blast ful mightily whelmed
In sands quick souping (a sight to be deepely bewayled)
One ship that Lycius did shrowd with faithful Orontes
In sight of captayne was swasht with a roysterus heapesloud.
Downe the pilot tumbleth with plash round summoned headlong,
Thrise the grauel thumping in whirlpoole plunged, is hooued:
Soom wights vpfloating on rais'd sea with armor apeered.
In foame froth pictur's, with Troian treasur ar vpborne.
Also where Ilionus was shipt, where manful Achates
And what vessel Abas possest and aged Alethes
Were bulcht by billows and boarde by forcible entrye:
Thee storme did conquere, thee ships scant weakly resisted.
Theese vnrulye reuels, and rif rafs wholye disordred,
As hoyl vnerspected, thee sea king Neptun awaked.
Stur'd with theese motions, his pleasing pallet vpheauing
Hee noted Æneas his touzd tost nauie to wander,

And

And sees thee Troians with seas and rayne water heaped,
This spightful pageaunt of his owne syb Iuno remembring,
Thee wynds he summon'd, and wroth woords stately thus vsed.
What sirs? your boldnesse dooth your gentilitie warrant?
Dare ye loe, curst baretours, in this my Seignorie regal,
Too raise such raks iacks on seas, and danger vnorder'd?
Wel sirs: but tempest I wil first pacifie raging.
Bee sure, this practise wil I nick in a freendly memento.
Pack hence doggie rakhels, tel your king, from me, this errand.
Of seas thee managing was neauer alotted his empire.
That charge mee toucheth: but he maystreth monsterus hildens,
Your kennels, good syrs: let your king Æolus hautye
Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardly.
Thus sayd, at a twinckling thee swelling surges he calmed
Thee clowds he scatter'd, and cleere beam's sunnie recalled.
Cymothöe and Triton on steepe rock setled ar haling
Thee ships from danger: with forth king Neptun is ayding.
Hee baleks thee quicksands, and flouds dooth mollifie sweetly.
Hee glyds on seafroth, with wheeles of gould wagon, easie.
In midst of the pepil much like to a mutenye raysed,
Where barcks like bandogs thee ral kal muititud angry,
Now stoans and fyrebrands flundge owt, furie weapon awardeth:
In this blooddie riot they soom grauet haplye beholding
Of geason pietee, doo throng and greedelye listen.
Hee tames with sugred speeches their boysterus anger.
In likewise Neptun thee God no sooner apeered
In coche: when billows their swelling ranckor abated.
Thee weather hackt Troians to the next shoare speedily posting
On *Libye* coast lighted: where they their naule reposed.
Theare stands far stretching a nouke vplandith: an Island
There seat, with crabknob skrude stoans hath framed an hauen.
This creeke with running passadge thee channel inhaunteth.
Heere doe lye wide scatter'd and there cliues loftily steaming,
And a brace of menacing rag'd rocks skymounted abideth.
Under hauing cabbans, where seas doo flitter in arches.
With woods and thickets close coucht they be clothed al vpward.
A cel or a cabban by nature formed, is vnder,
Freshe bubling fountayns and stoanseats carued ar inward:
Of Nymphes thee Numry, where sea tost naule remayning

Needs not too grapple thee sands with flooke of an anchor.
Hither hath Æneas with seau'n ships gladly repaired.
On sands from vessels dooth skippe thee coompanie cheereful,
Pruning their bodies, that seas erst terribil harmed.
First on flint smiting soom sparcklinges sprinckled Achates,
In spunck or tinder thee quick fyre he kindly receaued.
With sprigs dry wythered thee flame was nourrished aptly.
Foorth do they lay vittayls, with storme disseasoned heauy.
Theyr corne in quernstones they doe grind & teste yt on embers.
In the while Æneas too rock crept loftie, beholding
In the sea far stretching if that knight Antheus haplie
Were frusht, or remanent of Troian nauie wer hulling:
Or Capis, or the armours high picht of manlye Caïcus.
No ships thence he scried, but three stags sturdie wer vnder,
Neere the seacost gating, theym slot thee clusterus heerdflock
In greene frith browsing: stil he stands and snatcheth his arrows
And bow bent sharply, from kind and faithful Achates:
Chiefe stags vpbearing croches high from the antlier hauted
On trees strongly fraying, with shaft hee stab'd to the noombles
Through fels and trenches thee chase thee coompanie tracked,
Their blades they brandisht, and keene prages goared in entrayls
Of stags seu'n mighty; with ships thee number is eeu'ned.
With this good venery to the road thee captayn approched,
And to his companions thee kild stags equalye sorted.
With wine their venison was swyld, that Nobil Acestes
In shore *Trinacrian* bestow'd with liberal offer.
Theese pipes Æneas then among thee coompany broched,
And with theese speeches their myndes thus he cherrished hautlye.
O deere companions (for we erst haue tasted of hardnes)
Brawn'd with woorse vẽturs, thee mighty God also shal eend this.
Through Scylla hir raging wyld krets and rumbolo rustling
On peeres you sayled, through Cyclops dangerus helcaue.
On with a fresh courradge, and bace thoughts fearful abandon,
Of peril escaped much shal thee vearie remembraunce
Tickle vs in telling: through such sharp changeable hazards
And doubtfull dangers, our course t'ward *Italie* bending,
Wee must rush forward: our seat theare destinie pitcheth,
Theare must thee kingdoome with *Troian* fame be reuiued.
Stand ye to your tacklings: and wayt for prosperus eendings.

Thus

Thus did he speake manly, with great cares heauily loaden,
His grief deepe squatting hoap he yeelds with phisnomie cheereful.
They doe plye their commons, like quicke and greedie repastours
Thee stags vpbreaking they slit to the dulcet or inchyn.
Soom doe slise owt collops on spits yeet quirilye trembling,
Soom doe set on caldrons, oothers dope kyndel a bauen.
With food they summon'd theyr force: and coucht in a meddow
Theyre panch with venison they franck and quaffye carousing,
When famin had parted, the tabils eeke wholye remooued,
They their lost feloes with long talk greedie required.
With feare good coomfort mingling: if so haply they liued,
Or that their liues thee tempest bitter had eended.
But chiefly Æneas did wayle for manful Orontes,
And for knight Amicus, thee fates ek al heauie reuoluing
Of Lycus and of sturdie Gyan, with woorthie Cloanthus.

Now the ende neere stretched; from seat when Iuppiter heenly
Thee seas, thee regions and eeche place worldlye beholding,
On *Lybye* land lastly fixt his celestial eyesight.
And thus as he mused, with tears Venus heauie beblubber'd
Prest foorth in presence, and whimpring framed her errand.

O God most pusiaunt, whose mightie auctoritie lasting
Ruls gods, and mankind skareth with thunderus humbling:
What syn hath Æneas my brat, committed against the?
What doe the poore Troians? who with fel boucherye slaughter'd
For bending passadge to the promised Italie, therefore
No worldly corner can them securitie warrant.
You to me ful promist, eare that yeers sundrie wer eended,
That Roman family should spring from the auncetrie Troian,
By whom thee worldly coompas should wholye be ruled.
Wherefor (mightie father) what dooth thy phansie thus alter?
I tooke soom coomfort, when *Troy* was latelye repressed,
With futur hap coomming, past fortun vnhappie requiting.
And yeet theese wretched vagabunds hard destinie scourgeth.
When shal (Prince pusiant) theese dangers dyrye be cancel'd?
Antenor was habil, from Grekish coompanie slincking,
Too passe through Greceland saulsly to *Lyburnical* empyre.
Also to thee fountayn welspring of woorthie Timauus.
Where through nine channels with mountains murmerus hurring
Rough the sea flowes forward, thee land with snarnoise enhasiting.

Heere notwithstanding this founder builded a cittie,
That *Padua* is cleaped, too linnadge Troian alotted.
And armis of *Troy* towne bearing: there he saulfie doth harbour.
Wee that ar of kinred too the, and hast shrin'd in Olympus,
Our ships are whelmed through ones implacabil anger.
(A pitiful reckning) we ar touz'd, and from *Italie* feazed.
Is this your daughters ritch dowrie? her stablished empire?
Thee Prince of mankind, father of Gods, merily simpring,
Lik when he thee tempest with cheereful phisnomie calmeth,
Bust his prettie parat prating, and mildly thus aunswer'd.
Feare ye not (ô darling) on thy side destinie runneth.
Thee Roman townwals thow shalt see loftily raised,
And thy son Æneas his glitt'ring glorie to luster.
This much I determin, my mind no partie shal alter,
Thy child Æneas (for sith such care the doth anguish,
Thee fates close coouer'd I wil to the plainely set open)
Thy son, I say, valiant shal foster in *Italie* garboils,
Strong and sturdie pepil with wars and victorie trampling.
Theare shal he build citties, and theare lawes ciuil enacting,
Until three summers shal coompas his hudge Lauin empire:
And, the Rutils conquer'd, three winters stormie be gliding.
But thy son Ascanius, which is eeke surnamed Iülus,
(Ilus he was termed, whilst stood the great Ilian empire)
Hee shal bee the regent, vntil yeers thirtie be flitted,
From the Lauin kingdoom the state and thee chiefty remooving:
And with thick bulwarck shal he fence thee rampired Alba.
Heere three hundred winters shal raigne knight Hector his offspring
By Mars fiery father'd twins til the Queene Ilia gender;
Romulus in forrest of wolues dugge nourished eager
Shal take thee regiment, and towne wals stately shal vpraise
Of *Rome*, the Romans of his owne name, Romulus, highting.
This rule thus fixed no time shal limit, or hazard:
Endles I do graunt it: nay further Iuno fel harted,
Ther seas, thee regions, thee skies so spightfuly moyling,
Shal cut of al quarrels, and with mee newly shal enter
In league with Romans, and gowne sept charily tender.
Theese thus ar establisht. Theare shal cum a season herafter,
When thee said family shal crush Greeks segnorie throughly.
Thee Troian Cæsar shal spire fro this auncetrie regal,

His

his rule too Garamants, too stars his glorye rebounding,
Iulius of valerus princely surnamed Iülus.
Thow salt him settle, with his east spoyls fraighted, in hev'nseat,
Whom with relligious good vows shal magnifie diuerse.
Thee world shal be quiet, then shal broyls bluddie be finnisht.
Then playne sound dealing with laws of woorthie Quirinus
And Remus his broother, thee Roman cittie shal order.
Thee gates of warfare wyl then bee mannacled hardly
With steele bunch chaine knob, cling'd, knur'd, and narrowly lincked.
Heere within al stourming shal Mars bee setled on armoure
With brasse knots hundred crumpled; with sweld furor haggish,
Lyke bandog grinning, with gnash tusk greedily snarring. (ward
Thus said: he foorth posted (by May borne) Mercurie downe-
That new buylt *Carthage* should house thee Troian assemblye.
Hee flitters swiftly with wynges ful fledgye beplumed
On *Libye* land seizing: ther he soone perfourmeth his erraund.
Thee Woors are sweetned by Gods forwarned apointement,
But chief of al Dido, thee Queene, was wrought to the Troians.
But the good Æneas in night with care great awaked
With Phœbus rising vp got too ferret al vncooth
Nouks of strang country, in what coast his naue doth harboure:
If men, or if sauadge wyld beastes ther in onlye doe pasture.
For ther he no tilladge dyd find: thus was he resolued.
And what he discoouer'd, too tel to the coompanye flatly.
His ships hee kennel'd neere forrest vnder an angle
Of rocke deepe dented, shaded with thickleaued arbours.
Hee walcks on priuat with none but faythful Achates
Darts two foorth bringing with sharp steele forcibil headed.
In the myd of forrest as he gads, his moother approcheth,
In weed eke in vilage like a Snartan virgin in armour
Or like to Herpalicee, swift Queene, steeds strong ouerambling,
Which doth in hir running surpas thee swift floud of *Hebrus*.
Shee bare on her shoulders her bow bent aptly like huntresse;
Downe to the wynd tracing trayl'd her dischaueled hearlock;
Tuckt to the knee naked: thus first shee forged her errand.
Ho sirs, perceyu'd you soom mayden coompany straggling,
Of my deere sisters with quiuer closely begyrded
Rearing with shoutcry soom boare, soom sanglier ougly?
So Venus: and to Venus thee soon thus turned his aunswer.

We hard of no showting, too sight no sister apeared.
O to thee, fayre Virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
Thy tongue, thy viiadge no mortal frayltie resembleth.
Th'art, No doubt, a Godesse, too Phœbus sister, or arcted
Too Nymphs in kynred: to the lasting glorie be graunted.
Smooth this craggye trauayl: tel what celestial harbour
Coompaseth our persons: theese men, this countrye we know not.
Us to this od corner thee wynd tempestuus hurled.
This fist shal sacrifice great flocks on thy sacred altars.
Then Venus: I daigne not my selfe wooyth sutch honour heu'n-
Of Tyrian virgins too weare thus a quiuer is vsed. (ly.
And to go thus thynly with wrapt vp purpil atyred.
Thow seest large Affrick, thee Moores, and Towne of Agenor,
Thee *Libye* land marckmears: a country manful in armoure.
In this coast Dido, from her broother flitted, is empresse.
Tedius in telling and long were the iniurye total:
Chief poyncts I purpose too touche with summarye shortnesse.
Her spouse Sichæus was nam'd too no man vnequal
In lands, her dandling with feruent passion hoatly.
Her father in wedlock took to hym this virgin vnharmed.
But then her owne broother was by right setled in empyre,
Pygmalion named; thee sinck and puddil of hateful
And furiouse cutthrots: hee murdreth selly Sichæus,
With gould looue blynded iump at thee consecrat altars,
Of sisters freendship reckning; thee murther he whusted,
His Syb in her mourning with long coyn'd forgerye feeding.
But loa, the proper image of corps vntumbed apeered
In dreame too Dido; with pale wan phisnomye staring.
His brest he vncloased, thee wound, and bluddiful altars.
Thence to flit hee wil'd her, not long in countrye remayning,
T'ward her costly viadge his wife to hyd treasur he poincted,
Where the vnknowne ingots of gould and siluer abounded.
Dido so wel furnisht too flee with companye posteth.
Such folk as the tyrant pursude with vengeabil hatred,
Or fear'd his regiment in thronging cluster assembled.
They snatch such vessels that then were rigd to be sayling.
Pigmalions riches was shipt, that pinchepeny butcher.
And of this valiant attempt a womman is authresse. (wals,
Theare they were enshoared, wheare thow shalt shortly se town-

And

And citty vpsoaring of new *Carthago* to skytoppe.
Thee plat they purchast, that place first *Byrsa* they cleaped,
And so much as a bulhyde could coompas craftily getting.
But syrs, whence coom you? what wights? or too what abiding
Countrye do you purpose too passe? Thee capteyn amazed,
And sobs deepe fetching, with sight ful sadlye thus aunswer'd.
O gay Godesse lustringe yf I made to the largelye recital,
Or that of oure troubles you would to the summarye listen,
Thee night thee sunbeams would shrowd in clasped *Olympus*.
Wee coom from *Troy* town (of *Troy* seat yf haplye the rumoure
Youre ears hath tickled) late a tempest boysterus haggard
Oure ships to *Libye* land with rough extremitie tilted.
I am kind Æneas, from foes thee snatcher of housgods
Stow'd in my vessels: in skyes my glorye doth harboure.
Land I seek Italian: from Ioue my pettegrye buddeth.
I made from *Troy* town with vessels twentye to seaward,
My dam mightye Godesse gyding, I my destenye tracked.
Rackt with soure blustring seau'n ships are scantlye recouerd.
I lyke a poore pilgrim through desert angle of *Affrick*
Wander, thrust from Asian regions and fortunat *Europ*.
Heere Venus embarring his tale thus sweetlye replyed.
What wight th'art, doubtlesse thee gods al greatlye doe tender
Thy state, neere *Tyrian* citty so lucklye to iumble.
Hence take thy passadge, to the Queenes court princelye be trud-ging.
Theare thy coompanions with battred nauye be landed,
With flaws crusht ruffling, with north blast canuased hurring.
Thus stand thy recknings, vnlesse me myne augurye sayleth.
Marck loa, se wel yoonder swans twelue in coompany flusshing,
And the skytop percing, enchast with a murtherus eagle,
Swift doe sle too landward, on ground al prest to be seazed.
As theese birds seazed, their wyngs with iolitye flapping,
Sweepe the skye, with gladnes their creaking harmonye gagling,
Eu'n so thye companions, er now with saulftye be shoared,
Or, voyd of al danger, their ships are grappled at anchor.
Speedelye bee packing, keep on hardly the playne beaten highway.
This sayd shee turned with rose color heau'nlye beglittred.
Her locks like Nectar perfumes sweete melloe relinquisht.
Her trayne syde flagging like wide spread Canappe trayled.
Her whisk shew'd Deity, hee finding his moother, in anger

Chaufſing; thee fugitiue with theeſe woꝛds ſharplye repꝛoued.
What do ye meane (moother) ẅ an elf ſhow, vainlye thus often
Pour ſoon too iuggle? why our hands both claſpe we not hardly?
Why do we not plainely good ſpeeches mutual vtter?
T'ward citty trauayling thus he blames her foꝛgerie maſked.
But Venus enſhꝛowds theym with a thick fog palpabil ayꝛye,
Unſeen of eeche perſon by ſleight inuiſibil armed:
Leaſt ſoom their paſſadge with curius article hindꝛing (payꝛing?
Would learne, whence they trauayl'd? Too what coaſt ar they re-
Shee to her loftye Paphos with gladneſſe merrye returneth:
Wheare ſtands her temple with an hundꝛed conſecrat altars;
Smoaking with the encenſe; the low pauement ſenceth of herb.
In thee meane ſeaſon they do paſſe directly to townward (flowꝛs.
They trip too mountayns high typ, thee cittye but vnder
Marcking; thee caſtels and turrets ſtatelye beholding.
Æneas woondꝛeth, where doꝛps and cottages earſt ſtood,
Foꝛ to ſe ſuch ſturring, ſuch ſtuffe, ſuch goꝛgeous handwoꝛck.
Thee Woꝛs dꝛudge roundly; ſoom wals are loftelye rayſing;
Soom mount high caſtels; ſoom ſtoans downe tumble al headlong,
Soom meare foꝛth plat foꝛmes, foꝛ buylding curious houſes;
Soom doe chooſe the Senat, ſound laws and oꝛder enacting;
Soom frame play theaters; ſoom deepelye dig harboꝛus hauens;
Soom foꝛ great palaces doo ſliſe from quarrye the chapters.
Lyke bees in ſummer ſeaſon, thꝛough ruſtical hamlets
That flirt in ſunbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling.
Whē they do fooꝛth carry theyꝛ yoong ſwarme fledgy to gathꝛing:
Oꝛ cels ar farcing with dulce and delicat hoonye:
Oꝛ poꝛters burdens vnloads, oꝛ cluſtred in heerdſwarme
Feaze away thee dꝛoane bees with ſting, from maũger, oꝛ hiuecot,
Thee laboꝛ hoat ſweltreth: thee combs tyme flowꝛie beſpꝛinckleth.
O wights moſt bleſſed, whoſe wals be thus happilye touring
Æneas vttred: thee towne top ſharplye beholding.
Hee thꝛongs in ſhꝛyne clowd (a ſtraung and meruelus oꝛder)
Thꝛough crowds of the pepil, not ſeene, noꝛ marcked of annye.
In towns myd center theare ſpꝛouted a groauecrop, in arbours
Greene weede thick ſhaded, wheare Woꝛs from ſurge water an-
Parted, a good token did find: foꝛ Iuno, the Pꝛinceſſe, (gry
Theare the pate, in digging, of an hoꝛſe intractabil vttred.
Thee wiſe diuined, by this pꝛognoſticat hoꝛſhead,

That

That Woors wyde conquest should gayne with vittayl abundant.
Heere to Iuno Godesse the Princesse Dido did offer
A fayre built temple, with treasure ritchlye replennisht.
Thee stayrs brassye grises stately presented here also
Thee beams with brazed copper were costlye bepounced.
And gates with the metal dooe creake in shrilbated harshing.
In this greene frithcops a new sight newly repressed
Long feareful dangers: Æneas freshlye beginneth
For to raise his courradge: his sharp aduersitie treading,
For whil'st in temple corners hee gogled his eyesight
Wayting for Dido; the state of thee cittie beholding.
Whilst craftmens cunning hee marckt with woonder amazed,
Hee spied on suddeyn thee conflicts Troian al ordred,
And that their bickrings al soyls haue compased earthly.
Yet seeth Atrides, Priamus, to both hurtful Achilles.
Fast he stood: and trickling did speake: what nouke (syr Acha-
In world what region do not our toyls liuelye remember? (tes)
Loa the, se king Priamus; soom crooms of glorie be resting.
Soom tears this monument and soom compassion asketh.
Pluck vp a good courradge: this fame soom saulstye wil offer.
Thus sayd, his hart throbbing w vaine dead pictur he feeding;
Groane sighs deepe reaching with tears his leers ful he blubbred.
Hee sees with baretours *Troy* wals inuironed hardly:
Heere Greeks swiftlie fleing, them Troi-youths, coompanie tru-
Theare gad thee Troians: in coach runs helmed Achilles. (shing.
Hee weeps also, seing flags whit, with Rhesus his holding,
In sleepe whom napping, Tydides blouddye betrayed,
His fierce steeds leading to the camp er al hungrie they grased
On Troian pasturs, or Xanth stream gredilye bibled.
Troilus hee marcked running, deuested of armour:
A luckless stripling, not a matche too coape with Achilles:
With steeds he is swinged, downe picht in his budge wagon em-
Thee rayns yeet griping: his neck and locks fal a sweeping (ptye,
Thee ground, his launce staffe thee dust top turuye doth harrow.
In thee meane season *Troy* dames too temple approched
Of fretting Pallas, with locks vntressed al hanging, (sting.
With grief meeklye praying, with breast knocks humblye requ-
Thee Godes hard louring to the ground her phisnomie drowped.
Theare thrise about *Troy* wals with spight knight Hector is haled.

For

For gould his carcasse was sould by the broker Achilles.
Heere sighs and sobbing from brest he mightily rooted,
Thus too see the wagon, the spoil, the vnfortunat ending
Of deere companion, the like cares also doe sting him,
For to se king Priamus, with his hands owtstretched, vnarmed.
Himself he marked combin'd with Greekish asemblie.
Hee noted *Indie* pepil, with swart black Memnon his armie.
Theare wear Amazonical wommen with targat, an haulfmoone
Liking, conducted by frantick Penthesilêa,
No swarms or trouping horsemen can apale the *Virago*,
Her dug with platted gould ribband girded about her.
A baratresse, daring with men, though a maide, to be buckling.
Whil'st Prince Æneas theese pictures woonderous heeded,
And eeche pane throughly with stedfast phisnomie marked,
Too churche Queene Dido, thee pearle of beautie, repaired:
Of liuely yoonckers with a gallant coompanie garded.
In *Cynthus* forrest much like too swift floud of *Eurot*.
Where Nymphes a thowsand do frisk with Princely Diana.
On backe her quiuer shee bears, and highly the remnaunt
Of Nymphs surpassing with talright quantitie mounting.
Too se this, her spirit with secret gladnes aboundeth.
Such was Dido ioying, so she with regalitie passed,
With Princely presence the woorcking coompanie cheering.
In the gate of the godesse shee sits, neere temple his arches,
In chaire stately throned, with clustring garrison armed.
Shee frames firmly statuts, and taskworckes equalie parteth.
Or toyls too pioners by drawcut lotterie sorteth.
Now sees Æneas with a crowding sudden asemblie.
Antheus and also Sergestus, doughtie Cloanthus,
And oother Troians with rough seas stormie besweltred,
Too soyl vnacquainted by tempest horriblie pelted.
Hee stands astonied, so woondreth likewise Achates:
For to shak hands freendly feare bars, now gladnes on haleth.
But the cause vnwitted them lets, therefor they resolued,
With darck clowd shaded, to learne their former auenture,
Where ride their vessels: why they coom: what caus is of hastning:
For they the pickt choisemen did cul from nauie, requesting
Mercie, to the temple trotting with meruelus houling.
When they wer in presence, of pleading pardon afourded,

Then

Then the brave Ilionus thus stout deliu'red his errand.
O Queene most puissaunt, to whom king Iuppiter heu'nly.
Too raise a new cittie, by rare felicitie, graunted,
And to rule a countrey, with scepter of equitie, sturdy:
Wee caytiefe Troians, with stormes ventositie mangled,
Doo craue thee (Princesse) from flames our nauie to guerdon.
Yeeld pitie; graunt mercy; flowrs of gentilitie pardon.
For we hither sail'd not, the Moores with an armie to vanquish;
Or from their region with pryde too gather an heardstock.
Such valerus courradge rarely men conquered haunteth.
Theare stands a region, by Greeke bards *Hesperie* named,
A wel known countrey, for strong and plentiful holden,
Theare dwelt th'Denotrians; but in our adge *Italie* cleaped,
So nam'd of captain: to this braue countrie we minded
Too bend our iourney.
But with a flaw suddein thaukking stormm bringer Orion,
Spurnt vs too the waters: then southerne swasbuter huffling
Flunge vs on high shelueflats, to the rocks vs he bufeted after.
Heere then a poore remnaunt in this thy segnorie landed.
What fel beastly pepil rest heer? such barbarus vsadge
What soile wild fosters? On sands they renounce vs an harboure.
They doe bid vs battail, fro the shoare thee coompanie pushing.
If ye doe skorne mankind, and eeche wight mortal his harming,
Let Gods sharp Justice in soom sort yeet be remembred,
Oure King Æneas vs ruld, who for equitie rightful
Euerie man owtpassed, for feats and martial armoure.
If this Prince matchlesse no mortal destinie daunted,
But yet is in breathing, from tempest saulflie recoouer'd:
First begin a freendshippe, for he wil make fullie requital.
In *Sicil* eek region faire townships sundrie be setled:
In that old Isle raigneth, from *Troy* bloud spirted Acestes.
Graunt foorth thy warrant in docks oure nauie to settle:
Graunt plancks from forrest to clowt oure battered inleaks;
That we our King meeting may passe t'ward *Italie* sailing.
If *Libie* seas raging the life of this captain haue ended,
If no good coomfort dooth rest of nobil Iülus:
Sutfer vs at leastwise, with iagged nauie retyring,
To *Sicil* our passadge too bend, too famous Acestes.
This speche had Ilionus: that song his coompanie chaunted.

Briefly

Briefly then heere Dido, with downe cast phisnomie, parled.
Rest ye quiet, Troians, your thoughts from daunger abandon.
In great sundrie perils, my state set rawlie me straineth
Too keepe thus the seacoast with ward and garrison heedeful.
Who doe not Æneas, or Troian cittie remember?
Their valor and courradge, their firebrand glorious onsets:
Wee Moors, like dullards, are not so witles abiding,
Nor Phebe from our cittie dooth so far sunder his horses.
If ye be determin'd, too sail to old *Italie* Saturne,
Or to *Sicil* backward to the King, right nobil, Acestes,
If le ye man, esquipping your ships with furniture aptly.
Or wil you soiourne in this my feminin empire?
In towne you denisons I do make: let naule be docked.
Troians and Tyrians I wil with one equitie measure.
Would God your captain with soothern blastput inhurled
Heere made his arrival; but a watch t'ward mouth of eche hauen
Speedilie shal be placed, your chiefstain woorthie to ferret.
Wheather he through forrest dooth range, or wandreth in hamlets.
This Princely promisse boldning both manful Achates.
And father Æneas, thee clowd with greedines eager
Too cleane they coouet: to Æneas thus first said Achates.
Thow son of heu'nly godesse, how stands thy phansie resolued?
Thow seest al cocksure, thy fleete, thy coompanie salued.
One ship is only absent, that in our sight sanck to the bottom.
Thy moothers prophecie to the remnaunt fitly doth aunswere.
Scant had I thus spoken, when clowd theim drosslie relinquisht,
And from earthly thickneſſe, too thinneſſe vannished ayerie.
Theare stud vp Æneas, with glittring beautie redowning.
Godlike in his feauture: for his heu'nly moother amended
His bush with trimming, his sight was youthly bepurpled:
His looke sweete simpred, much like to the pullished iu'rie
By crafts hand burnisht: or with Phœbe siluer enamel'd:
Or touch stoane brazed with deepe gold purely refined.
Hee then vnerspected to the Queene thus brauely replied.
Heere do I stand present, whom you so gladly required,
Æneas Troian from stormes defalcked of *Affrick*.
Of trauail of Troians, O Queene, thee succeres only,
We crooms of Troians with land and sea furie moyled,
Of welth dispoiled, like plodding stormebeaten haglers

From

From natiue countrie, from cittie exiled abiding,
For theese thy benefits too make like freendly requital
I may not, Dido: nay the routs of progenie Troian
Through wilde world scatter'd, can not make woorthie repaiment.
Thee Gods (if Deitie woorcks of wights godly regardeth.
If right bee raigning, if vertue is too be rewarded)
Yeeld to the like kindnesse, What world, what vertuus heu'nly
Both father and moother gaue breath to so peereles a daughter.
Whil'st hils cast shadows, whil'st streams to the seas be reuoluing,
Whil'st stars ar twinckling in the orbs of fired *Olympus*
Thy fame with thine honor shal bee by eternitie blazed
To what coast I trauail: Theese speeches duetiful utt'red
Hee shaks Ilionus with right hand, alsoe Serestus
With left hand, so doughtie Gian, so doughtie Cloanthus.
First was Queene Dido with a sight thus sudden apaled,
Nert with his hard venturs, and thus shee rendred her aunswer.
Thou son of hautie Godesse, what crooked dangerus hazards
Pursue thy person? What seas thee terribil hither
Haue flounst? And art thow Æneas mightie, begotten
Of thy syre Anchises, and of Venus at *Simo* fountaine?
I saw king Teucer whillon to *Sidon* approching
Expulst fro his regions, his right with might to recouer,
And with aid of Belus: then my sire Belus in Island
Of *Cyprus* raigned, that land with victorie maistring.
From that time forward I knew thee Troian auenturs,
Thee name of the citie, what kings succeded in empire.
Eu'ne thee very enimy the Troians glorie did utter.
And from their linnadge right hee derined his offspring.
Wherefor, freend Troians, withdraw your selues to my lodgings.
Mee the like hard venturs erst, and aduersitie suffring
In this new kingdoom good fortun lastly reposed,
My self erst slighted to relieue th'afflicted I learned.
Thus she discourseth: to palaice foorth stately she leadeth
The Prince Æneas; when seruice godly was ended.
Thee whil'st to his nauie shee caused twentie fat oxen
Straight to be cõueighed, with an hũdred bristled hudge brawns,
Of sheepe like number with lambs: Gods mightie rewarding.
But the inner lodgings were with regalitie trimmed.
In mid'st of chaumber thee roume for bancket is apted,

Thee

Thee wals are cloathed with massy and purpuled arras,
Of plate great cupboords, thee gould embossed in anticque
Patterns, her linnadge by long fetch pettegre trayling
Of syers thee bedrol with natiue countrye recorded.
Then the good Æneas (for carcking natural eggeth
Thee mind of the parent) to the vessels posted Achates,
This to tel Ascanius, conducting him to the cittye.
The syre in his darlings good successe chiefly reioyceth.
Lykwise he commaunded too bring from nauie the presents
Snacht from *Troy* ransackt, with gould frets ritchlye bedawbed.
Also the roabe prettiouse colored like sanfred Achantus:
Which plad vested Helen, from *Greece* when to *Troy* she flitted:
Her weeds of wedlock, that her haut dam Leda did offer,
Of price a rare present: also thee scepter he willed
Of the fayr Ilionee to be brought: this fayrie was eldest
Of Priamus daughters, this mace too carrye she woonted:
Thee pearle and gould crowns too bring with garganet heauye.
With this charge vttred to the vessels hastned Achates.
But Venus in musing with cares intoxicat hudling
New sleights fresh forgeth: the face of trim prettie Cupido
Too chang with iuggling, whereby hee too Dido resorting
In place of Ascanius, with gifts might carrye the Princesse
Too brainesick loue fits, to her boans fire smouldered huffling.
For Venus hauif doubteth thee Moors sly treacherus handling:
Iuno her tormenteth: by night this terror her haunteth.
This reason her sturring thus spake she to cocknye Cupido.
My sweete choise bulcking, my force and my power onlye,
My baby despising thee bolts of Iuppiter angrye,
Of the request I refuge, with meeke submission humbled.
Thou knowest Æneas, by broothers birth to the lincked,
Through seas to haue wandred by Iunoes merciles hatred:
Thou knowest thee ventures: my grief thy hart often hath anguisht.
Dido enterteigneth this guest with curtesie ciuil.
Yeet do I stil feare me theese faire Junonical harbours.
In straw thear lurcketh loom pad: yet wil she be sturring.
Thearefore her endeuours with counter craftines hinder.
Inflame thee Princesse with loones affection earnest,
That mye sonne Æneas with mee shee chiefly may dandle.
This drift too coompasse let this my loare be wel heeded.

At the fathers sending thee boy to the cittie repaireth.
(Delicat Ascanius, whose forward succes I tender)
With many rich presents from *Troy* flames narrolye scaped.
This child fast sleeping wil I lodge in loftye *Cythera*,
Els on hil *Idalium* in seat sacred he shal be reposed.
Least that he this stratagem should find, or wourk wilye founder.
Thou shalt his visadge for a nights space fitlye resemble.
Thee gay boy kindly playing, thee knowne lads phisnomye taking:
That when Queene Dido shal col the, and smacklye bebasse thee,
When quaffing winebols, when bancquets deintie be serued,
When she shal embrace thee, when liplicks sweetelye she fastneth;
That then thou be suer, too plant thy poisoned hoat looue.
Too moothers counsayl thee fierie Cupido doth harcken
Of puts he his feathers, fausing with gatetrip Iülus.
But Venus enfuseth sweet sleepe to the partie resembled,
Too woods *Idalian* thee child nice cocknyed heauing
In seat of her boosom: neere senting delicat herbflowrs
Of pretious Maioram, with shade most temperat housed.
But now thee changling with gifts dooth trudge to the cittie
On to the court posting: his guyde was trustful Achates.
When that he too chaumber, most stately decked, aproched
Dido sat on beadsteed with curtens gorgeus hanged.
Then father Æneas with Troian cluster asembled:
On palet of scarlet they were for cossherie setled.
Thee waiting seruaunts riche basons massye doe carrye,
Alsoe wiping towels: maunchets sum in pantrie doe basket:
Fiftie busy damsels with charge of buttrie be tangled,
With flame eke relligiouse too fire thee consecrat aultars.
Maidens, manseruaunts, of eche is there numbred an hundred,
That with princelye viand the tables al francklye doe furnish.
Thee Tyrian lordings too Court most freshlye resorted.
On neeld wrought carpets theese guestes were al vshered aptly.
Æneas presents they marck, they doe gaze at Iülus.
His face goodlye roset, with speaking forgerie feigned.
They doe look at mantel, with roabs of saffro'd Acanthus:
To futur harme lotted: but chieflie the Princes vnhappie
Is not with gazing contented fullye, but cauer
Shee doth eye thee presents: thee mopsy her phantasie lurcheth.
On father Æneas his neck thee dandiprat hangeth.

And to his great liking his ſire ſuppoſed he gaineth
Hee ſkips too Dido: thee Queene with curteſie cheereful
Accepts the pyncor: ſoomtime ſhe him claſpeth in armes.
Poore ſoule not witting what great God her hoatly beſiegeth.
But this prettie peacock, his dames charge ſtily remembring,
Firſt of al attempteth too raze from phanſie Sichæus.
With quick looue liuing fro the dead the affection haling;
Too new flam'd liking her mind, erſt ruſtie, reducing.
When fare was finnisht the tables eeke ſtately remooued
Hudge bols thick they placed, with garlãds crown'd they ẏ mazars
Al the palaice ringeth with ſtamp, a mutterus humming
Tinckleth through the entries: the tapers eeke kindled ar hanging
From gold wire glittring: thee night with brightnes is owted.
Heere thee Queene willed that a maſſiue gould cup, abounding
With ſtoans couch't pretious, ſhould bee preſented; her owne hands
Thee goulden goblet with ſpirt wine nappie replenniſht.
This cup king Belus with her old ſiers former al vſed.
Thee rout kept a ſilence, theeſe ſpeeches Dido did vtter.
Iuppiter (of gueſt folcks thee ſtay th'art truely reported)
Graunt that this preſent Tyrian with Troian aſſemblie
May breede good fortune to our freends and kinred heer after.
Let make-ſport Bacchus, with good ladie Iuno, be preſent.
And ye, my freendes Tyrians, thee Troian coompanie frollick.
Thus ſayd, with ſipping in veſſel nicely ſhe dipped.
Shee chargeth Bicias: at a blow hee luſtily ſwapping,
Thee wine freſh ſpunning with a draught ſwild vp to the bottom.
Thee remnaunt lordings him pledge: Then curled löppas
Twang'd on his harp golden, what he whillon learned of Atlas.
How the moone is trauers'd; how planet ſoonnie reuolueth,
He chaunts: how mankind, how beaſts dooe carrie their offspring.
How ſtonds be engendred, ſo how fire, celeſtial Arcture,
Thee raine breede ſeu'nſtars, with both the Trionical orders.
Why the ſun at weſtward ſo timely in winter is houſed.
And why the night ſeaſons in ſummer ſwiftly be poſting.
The Moores hands clapping, thee Troians, plaudite flapped.
But with ſundrie motiue demaũds Queene Dido ẏ night ſpace
Stretcht, then vnhappie being with looues ſweet poiſon atached,
Hearie much of Priamus demaunding and much of Hector.
Alſo how thee darling of bright Aurora was armed:

How

How Diomeds horſes were ſhapt? how ſtrong was Achilles?
Nay gueſt, quod the ladie, decipher from the beginning
Thee Greekiſh falſhood, with thy o'wne ſharp venterus hazards
For now ſeu'n ſummers ar ſpent, ſince thy trauail hardie
On land and ſailing, lik pilgrim, caus'd the to wander.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

With tentiue liſtning eache wight was ſetled in harckning,
Thus father Æneas chronicled from loftie bed hautie.
You me bid, O Princeſſe, too ſcarriſie a feſtered old ſoare.
How that the Troians wear preſt by Grecian armie.
Whoſe fatal miſerie my ſight hath witneſed heauie:
In which ſharp bickring my ſelf, as partie, remained.
What ruter of Dolopans weare ſo cruel harted in harckning,
What curſt Myrmidones, what karne of canckred Vlyſſes,
That void of al weeping could eare ſo mortal an hazard?
And now with moiſture the night from welken is haſtning:
And ſtars too ſlumber dooe ſtur mens natural humours.
How be it (Princely Regent) if that thy affection earneſt
Thy mind enflameth, too learne our fatal auentures,
Thee toyls of Troians, and laſt infortunat affray:
Though my queazy ſtomack that bloodie recital abhorreth,
And tears with trilling ſhal baine my phiſnomie deepely:
Yeet thine hoat affected deſire ſhal gain the reherſal.

The Greekish captains with wars and destinie mated,
Fetching from Pallas soom wise celestial engin,
Fram'd a steede of timber, steaming like mounten in hudgnesse.
A vow for passadge they fainde, and byte so reported.
In this hudge ambry they ram'd a number of hardie
Tough knights, thick farcing thee ribs with clustered armour.
In sight is *Tenedos* of *Troy*; thee famosed Island;
Whil'st Priamus flourisht, a seat with ritches abounding.
But now for shipping a rough and daungerus harbour,
Theare lurckt theese minions in sort most secret abiding.
All we then had deemed, to *Greece* that the armie retired,
Thearefor thee Troians their longborne sadnes abandon:
Thee gates vncloased they skud with a liuely vagarie,
Thee tents of the enimies marcking, and desolat hauen.
Heere fought thee Dolopans, theare stoutly encountred Achilles,
Heere rode thee nauie: theare battails bluddie wear offred.
Soom do loke on dismal present of loftie Minerua.
Also they gaze woondring at the horse his maruelus hudgnesse.
And first exhorteth thee Troians seally Tymetes
Too bring thee monument intoo thee citie; then after
For to place in stately castel thee monsterus Idol.
Wheather he meant treason, or so stood destinie Troian.
But Capys and oothers diuing more deepely to bottom,
Warily suspecting in gifts thee treacherie Greekish,
Did wish thee woodden monster weare drowned, or harbour'd
In scorching firebrands: or ribs too spatter a sunder.
Thee wauering Commons in kim kam sectes ar haled.
First then among oothers, with no smal coompanie garded
Laocoon storming from Princelie castel is hastning,
And a far of belong: what fond phantastical harebraine
Madnes hath enchaunted your wits, you townsmen vnhappie?
Weene you (blind hodipecks) thee Greekish nauie returned;
Or that their presents want craft? Is subtil Vlisses
So soone forgotten? My lief for an haulfpennie (Troians)
Either heere ar couching soom troups of Greekish asemblie,
Or to crush our bulwarcks this woorck is forged, al houses
For to prie surmounting thee towne: soom practis or oother
Heere lurcks of coonning: trust not this treacherus ensigne:
And for a ful reckning, I like not barrel or herring.

The

Thee Greeks bestowing their presents Greekish I feare mee.
Thus said: he stout rested, with his chaapt staffe speedily running
Strong the steed he chargeth, thee planck ribs manfully riuing.
Then the iade, hit shiuered, thee vaults haulf shrillie rebounded
With clush clash buzzing, with droomming clattered humming.
Had Gods or fortun no such course destinie knedded:
Or that al our senses wear not so bluntly benummed,
Thear sleight and stratagems had beene discoouered easly,
Now *Troy* with Priamus castel most stately remaining.
But loe, the mean season, with shouting clamorus hallow,
Of *Troy* towne the shepheards a poncker mannacled haling
Present too Priamus: this guest ful stilie did offer
Him self for captiue, thearby to coompas his heasting,
And Troian cittie to his Greekish countrie men open.
A brasse bold merchaunt in causes daungerus hardie.
In doubtful matters thus stands hee flatly resolued,
Or to cog, or certain for knauerie to purchas a Tyburne.
Thee Troian striplings crowding dooe cluster about him:
Soom view the captiue, soom frumping quillities vtter.
Now listen lordings, too Greekish coosinage harcken,
And of one od subtil stratagem, most treacherus handling
Conster al.
For when this princor in mid'st of throng stood vnarmed,
Heedily thee Troians marcking with philsnomie staring:
Oh, quod he, what region shal shrowd mee villenous outcast?
Whearto shal I take me forlorne vnfortunat hoaplost?
From Greekish countrey do I stand quite bannished: also
Thee wrath hoat of Troians my blood now fiercly requireth.
Thus with a sob sighing our minds with mercie relenting
Greedily wee coouet too learne his kinred, his errand,
His state, eke his meaning, his mind, his fortun, his hazard.
Then the squire emboldned dreadles thus coyned an answer.
King: my faith I plight heere, to relate thee veritie soothly.
I may not, I wil not deny my Greecian offspring.
Though Sinon a caytiefe by fortun scruuie be framed
A lier him neuer may she make, nor cogger vnhoneſt.
If that (king pusiaunt) ye haue herd earst haply reported
Thee name of the famouse Palamedes greatly renowmed:
Thee Greeks this captaine with villenus iniurie murdred:

So that you, Troians, in promis'd mercie be constant,
If truth I shal manifest, if gifts bee largely requited.
Thee Greeks assuraunce in Pallas wholly remained,
And with her assistaunce their wars were shouldered always.
But sith Tydides, eke of evils thee founder Vlisses
Attempted lewdly fro the church to imbeazel an holy
Patterne of Pallas, thee keepers filthily quelling,
Then they the sacred image with brude fist blouddie prophaned,
Thee virgins garlands with contempt impius handling:
Sith they that attempted, thee Greekish succes abated,
And ther hoap al backward did drag: thee virgin eke angrie,
And her wrath the Godesse with signs most sensibil op'ned,
Scant was this patterne of Pallas setled among vs,
When flames of fiery flashing most terribil hissed:
It sweat with chaufking: three times (to to strange to be spoken)
From ground it mounted, both launce and targat eke holding.
Through seas priest Calchas, to retire back hastily wisheth,
For that against Troians thee Greeks do vainly beare armour.
Til that with the Godesse themselues too *Greece* be returned.
Which they persourmed. Now that they sailed ar hoomeward
They purvey weapons and Gods too pacifie purpose,
And to returne hastly: thus Calchas eeche plat hath ordred.
They fram'd this monument to appease celestial anger
Of the Godesse Pallas, the prophet that practis apointed.
Howb'it, Priest Calchas would haue the horse lifted in hudgnesse,
Lest you, the Troians, through gats should carrie the present.
And so to bee shielded yet again with patronage anticque.
If you with violence this gift too scatter had hapned,
Graid heaps of mischief (which Gods on the authour his hertroote
First set (I doo pray them) should Troian cittie replennish.
And if this rellick by you to the cittie wer haled,
Then, loa, the stout Troians in wars should glorie triumphing,
Wee to ye, like bondslaues, our selues for vanquished offring.
With this gay glosing of a stincking periured hangman
Wee wer al inueigled, with wring'd tears nicetie blended.
Those whom Tydides, whom Lanissoean Achilles
And al their warlick vessels, in number a thowsand,
In ten yeers respit could not with victorie vanquish.
But marck what folowed: what chaunce and luck cruel hapned

Jump

Jump with this cogging, our minds and senses apaling.
As priest Laocoon by lot to Neptun apoincted
A bul for sacrifice ful sizde did slaughter at altars,
Then, loa ye, from *Tenedoi* through standing deepe floud apeased
(I shiuer in telling) two serpents monsterus ouglie
Plasht the water sulcking to the shoare most hastily swinging.
Whose breasts vpsteaming, and manes blood speckled inhaunced
High the sea surmounted, thee rest in smooth slud is hidden,
Their tails with croompled knot twisting swashly they wrigled.
Thee water is rowsed, they do friske with floūce to ẏ shoare ward,
Thee land with staring eyes bluddy and firie beholding:
Their fangs in lapping they stroak with brandished hoat tongs.
Al we fle from sacrifice with sight so grisled afrighted.
They charg Laocoon: but first they raught to the sucklings,
His two yong childzen with circle poisoned hooking.
Theim they doe chew, renting their members tender asunder.
In vaine Laocoon the assault like a stickler apealing
Is to sone embayed with wrapping girdle ycoompast,
His midil embracing with wig wag circuled hooping,
His neck eke chaining with tails, him in quantitie topping,
Hee with his hands labored their knots too squise, but al hoaples
Hee strines: his temples with black swart poyson anoincted.
Hee freams, and skrawling to the skie brayes terribil hoiseth.
Much like as a fat bul beloeth, that settled on altar
Half kild escapeth the missing boutcherus hatchet.
But theese blooddie dragons to sacred temples aproched
Under feete lurking and shield of mightie Minerua.
A feare then general mens mated senses atached.
We iudge Laocoon to be iustly and woorthily punnisht,
For that he rash charged with launce thee mystical idol.
Streight to place in cittie this image, too pacifie swiftly
Thee Godes offended, they doe crie.
Downe we beat our rāpiers, our towne wals gapwide ar op'ned.
Al we fal a woorking, thee wheels wee prop with a number
Of beams and sliders, the neck with cabil is hooped.
Through wals downe razed wee draw the mischieuus engin,
Ful bag'd with weapons: sonnets are carroled hymnish
By lads and maidens, the roap ons to tip hartily longing.
It slids, and menaceth futur hurt in cittie reposed.

ô Gods, ô countrey, ô *Troy* wals stronglye berampyerd
Foure times this monument at towne-gates staggred in entring,
Foure times with the armour close coucht thee paunch bely clas-
Howbeit, blind bayards we plod on with phrensie bedusked, (shed.
And in thee castel we doe pitch this monster vnhappye.
By Gods commaund'ment thee truth Cassandra reuealed,
Neauer in her prophecyes by the Troians seallye beleeued.
Wee for a last farewel doe deck through cittie the temples.
Thee whil'st night darckneesse right after sunset approched,
With shaddow clowding earth, heu'n, and treacherie Greekish.
Thee Greeks that glyded through wals, al softlye be whusted.
Then the Phalanx Greekish did sayl with nauye wel ordred
From *Tenedos*: shinings of Moone most freendlye doe guide them.
To the shoare acquainted they doe shooue: fire of admiral hoysed.
Streight Sinon, assured by Gods and destinie wrongful,
Thee stuf paunch close: from lincking ioynctlye releaseth.
Thee doores discloased, by roaps thee coompanye slided.
Tisandrus, Sthenelus captayns, hard harted Vlisses.
And Athamas, next also Thoas fooreth ishued hastlye.
Also Neoptolemus, but of oothers chieflye Machaon.
Downe Menelaus is holpt, of the engyn forger Epëus.
Our men ar assaulted, with sleepe, with drunckenes asotted.
Thee watch they murthred, thee gats set eke open, a cluster
Of their companions they let in, thee coompanie lincketh.
Then was it a season, when slumber sweetlye betaketh
Each mortal person by woont and natural order.
I, loa, then in sleeping, to my seeming sorroful Hector
Prest foorth in presence, and salt teares dolefulye showred.
Harryed in steedyocks as of earst, black-bluddie to visadge
With dust al powdred, with filthood dustie bedagled.
His feete are vpswelling with raynes of bridil ybroached.
Woa me God, how greatly was he chaunged from that od Hector,
Too *Troy* that whillon dyd turne with spoyls of Achilles,
Or that with wyldfire thee Greekish naue beskorched.
His berd was sluttish, thee bloud thick cluttred his hairs stayn'd.
Those wounds wyde bearing, that he neere the cittie receaued.
I then, as I deemed by myn own wyl, thearto not asked.
Wept, in this maner to him speeches sorroful vttring.
O star of al Troians, of towne thee prosperus holder,

What

What lets thee lingred? from what far countrie, syr Hector,
Long loockt for coomst thow? so that after dangerus hazards,
And diuers burials of freends, of kinred, of oothers
Wee tost now doe se thee. By what chaunce filthye thy visadge
Is thus disfigured? These wounds why mortal apeere they?
Hee litle accoumpted this fond and vanitie childish,
But sighs vpplucking from breast ful deepelye, thus aunswerd.
Thow soon of holye Godesse, from flame thy carcas abandon.
Thee foes haue conquer'd, *Troy* towne is fyred of al sides.
Too citty and Priamus life ynough Gods destinie graunted.
If that thee Troians hand-stroaks could fortifie manful,
This syde, Greeks hacking, that fensiue seruice had eended.
Too the recommendeth *Troy* towne theyr consecrat houshold-gods.
Take theese for the pilots of fates, by theyr ayd seke a cittie.
Which stately townewals by thee shal stronglye be founded,
Through large seas passadge when thou shalt wander hereafter.
Thus sayd: thee garland, mee thought, and Vesta the mightie
From altars down fetching, thee fiers eternal he quenched.
Thee whil'st in citty there roard a changabil howling,
Stil the noise encreaseth (yea though that verye far inward
My father Anchises his court was setled in arbours)
Thee skrich rings mounting, increast is the horror of armoure,
From sleepe I broad waked, to top hastly of turret I posted,
And to the shril yerning with tentiue greedines harckned.
Much lyke as in cornesbocks sindged with blasterus hurling
Of Southwynd whizling: or when from mounten a rumbling
Flud raks vp foorrows, ripe corne, and tillage of oren:
Downe tears it wyndfals, and thick woods sturdelye tumbleth.
Thee crack rack crashing the vnwittie pastor amazeth.
Now Greeks most plainely their craft long hammered op'ned.
Vulcan hath, in flaming, quit burnt, by his furnitur heating,
The house of Deiphobus, then nert his neighbor his houstraine
Vcalegon kindleth, Thee strand flames fierie doe brighten.
Thee towns-men roared, thee trump taratantara ratled.
Thus then I distracted, with al hasning, ran to my weapons,
Too stork in combats, or gard with coompanie castels
Wee my wil on spurreth, thus wrath, thus phrenlie me biddeth.
And to dye with bickring I tooke for a glorius emprice.
But see: Priest Panthus of towne and sacred Apollo

Panthus Otriades thee Greekish boucherie scaping,
Heeld in his hands holy relicques, Gods conquered, also
His yoong prettie nephew, to the strandward speedelye trotting.
What news, syr Panthus? what forte were best to be fenced?
Scant sayd I theese speeches, when woords to me dolful he rēdred,
Woorthie Syr, our last houre is coom, too late to be mourned.
Wee were in old season Troians, *Troy* cittie was, also
Thee Troian glorie flourisht: now Iuppiter hard'ned
Hath the state of Troians subuerted wholye: The pertlike
Greeks thee flam'd cittie with ruthlesse victorie ransack.
Their steed hath vpuomited from gorge a surfet of arm'd men.
Fals Sinon aduaunced, with fire, consumeth al houses,
And flouts vs kindly: thee gats ar cram'd with an armie.
Such troups as neauer too cittie Troian aneered.
Soom stop al od corners, no nouke, no passage vnarmed.
They brandish weapons sharp edg'd, to slaughter apoincted.
In first encounter thee watch to to weaklye resisted.
With woords of Panthus, and with Gods herried order
Kindled, I run forward too rush through thicket of armoure,
Wheare shouts vpclimbing most rise, wheare is hart-sad Erynnis.
Theare leags as feloes Ripheus strong, Iphitus hardy.
By moonshine roaming Hipanis, so syr Dymas eager
Flanck furth our vauntgard: next cooms thee lustie Chorœbus
Sonne to Prince Mygdon, who then not lucklye repaired
Too *Troy*, with liking of mad Cassandra bewitched:
Soon to king Priamus by law: thus he lawfather helping,
His pheers wood prophecies not at al the yooncker vnhappie
heard.
This band of Troians thus ioinctly assemblyd, I framed
This speeche: Stout gallants, braue youths, and coompanie man-
Yf ye be determyn'd too sinck in martial hazards, (ful,
Too lyms, too cartasse you see what fortun is offred.
Al things goe backward: thee Gods haue flatlye renoun'st vs,
Our state that whillon preseru'd: thee cittie to rescue,
Cleene burnt, were fruictles: let vs hardlye be slaughtred in ar-
Tam'd men haue one saulfty, not in hope to settil a saulftie. (mour:
Theese woords their valiant courradge dooe scarrifie deepely,
Like rauening woolf-dams vpsoackt and gaunted in hunger,
That range in clowd shade: their whelps neere starued ar eager.

And

And expect vdders with dry iaws: so doe we iustle:
Wee keepe thee midpath with darckneſſe nightie beneiled.
Lord, bye whoſe heu'nly vttraunce may that nights blood be re-
Or match thee miſerie with counteruaylabil howling? (counted?
The old towne fals to ruin, that ſummers ſundrye was Empreſſe.
Thee ſtreets and kennels are with ſlaine carcaſes heaped:
Euery houſe, eech temple with ruful ſlaughter aboundeth.
And yeet thee Troians are not men vanquiſhed onlye:
Sparcks of an old courradge to the conquer'd freſhly be turning.
Thee Greekiſh victours not in eeche ſtroke ſkotfre remained.
Loud was thee yelling, great feares and murther of al ſides.
Of Greeks thee firſt man with a gallant coompanie garded
Fronted vs, Androgeos, for freends vs ſimplye beleeuing.
In gentil manner thus he ſoone diſcourſed vnaſked.
Haſt forward feloes: what means this luſkiſh aproching?
You drawlach loytrers are ſcant from nauie repayring.
When your companions with ſpoyls of cittie be loaden.
Hee ſayd: eke on ſuddeyn (for he was not freendlye like aun-
hee ſpyed his perſon with Troian coompanye wheeled, (ſwerd)
Thence did he ſhrinck backward, his woords al ſoftlye repreſſing.
Like when as a trauayler thee ſnake with brambel ycoouer'd,
Unwitting ſquiſeth, with chaunce ſo ſudden amazed,
Speedily whips backward from woorme, with poyſoned anger
Upſweld: Androgeos likwiſe moſt gaſtly reculed.
Wee charge thee minions with round and compaſed armoure.
In ſtreets vnknownethey doe fal, with terror apaled.
Our firſt encounter by fortun lucklye was ayded.
This ſucceſſe cheering and fleaſhing luſtye Chorœbus,
Thus ſpake he: Deere ſociats, ſith we haue this proſperous onſet,
Now let vs on forward, as luck and deſtenie guydeth.
And let vs our targets exchange, and Greecian armour
Al clap on our bodies, marching with Greecian enſigne.
Craft or doughtie manhod what nice wight in foe requireth?
Thee Greeks ſhal furniſh weapons. This ſpoken, an helmet
Of knight Androgeos gliſtring on pallet he pitcheth.
Hee took eke his target, then in hand his fawchon he griped.
Thee like did Ripheus, Dymas, and thee youthful aſembly.
With new raught weapons eeche wight is newlye refreſhed.
Too Greeks wee linckt vs, by Gods direction holpen.

In night shade darckneſſe with foes wee ſkyrmiſhed eftſoons,
And with hoat aſſaulting too *Limbo* we plunged a number.
Soom run to veſſels too ſtrondward ſwiftlye retyring
Soom clymb their ſteeds womb, freight with perpleritie daſtard,
Oh, Labor is fruictleſſe, which Gods and deſtinie fruſtrat.
Lo ye; the wood virgin, with locks vnbroyded is haled
Caſſandra, and trayled from temple of holye Minerua.
In vayn her eyes flamed too ſeat celeſtial heauing:
Her wriſts eke tender with cord weare mannacled hardlye.
This ſight foule freighted with woodful phrenſye Chorœbus
Hee runs too reſcu, like a bedlem deſperat, headlong.
Wee the man hoat foloed, wee coapt with Greekiſh aſemblye.
Now be we peale pelted from tops of barbican hautye
Waynelye with our owne men by ſtoans downe rouled among vs.
This dolye chaunce gal'd vs, with bloud, with ſlaughter aboũding,
For that thee townſmen knew not this chaffar of armoure.
Thee Greeks al furious, too ſee Caſſandra recoouer'd,
Did band toogeather: but chief thee courraged Aiax
And both the Atridans, thee ſtout Doloponian armye.
Like wraſtling meete winds with blaſt contrarius huzzing,
Eaſt, weaſt and Southwind, with puf-roare mightelye ramping,
Hudge trees downe trample: thearewith God Neptun awaked
Thee ſeas with chaufking and ſtrecht mace merciles hoyſeth.
Alſo ſuch old enimies: policy that former aſlighted
And cought in corners, with a vengeaunce freſhlye retyred,
And firſt diſcoouer'd thee ſhields and treacherie feigned.
Our ſpeech eke and gybbriſh their gueſh did fortifie ſoothlye.
Down cooms thee countrey: wheare firſt thee ſturdye Chorœbus
By fyr Peneleus was ſlaine neere conſecrat altar
Of the Godeſſe Pallas: Ripheus like villenye ſuffred.
A man too pietie, too iuſtice wholye relying.
So Gods ordained thee chaunce. Lo our coompanye ſlaughtred
Both Dymas and Hypanis: nor thy deuotion holye
Could ſalue thee Panthus, nor crowne of bleſſed Apollo.
You boans of Troians and houſes flamed I witneſſe,
In this laſt byckring I ſhrunck no danger or hazard,
With Greeks encountring: and if ſo fates had apoincted,
My fiſt deſerued my death. From thence we be tumbled
Iphitus and Pelias iump with me. But Iphitus aged

Drag'd,

Drag'd, and eke Pelias sore maym'd with woond of Vlisses.
To Priamus castel thee shout doth vs hastilye carrye:
Heere was hoat assaulting, as though no skyrmish had els wheare
Beene, ne yet a subiect Troian through cittie wear harmed.
Thus we se Mars furiouse, thus Greeks euery harbory scaling,
Up fretting the pilers, warding long wymbeled entries.
They clinge thee scalings too wals, and vnder a sowgard
They clymb, in left hand, with shields, tools fellye rebating.
With right hands grapling thee tops of turret ar holden.
In valiant coombat thee Troians sturdye resisted.
They pashe thee pallets of Greeks, and rumble a musket
Of torne razte turrets, and for defensibil armoure
Thee Greeks with rold stoans in last extremitie crushed.
And ritch gylt rafters, thee badge, the glorius ensigne
Of bloud, thee Troians are strayn'd too scatter in hurling.
Soom bands of Troians with weapons naked in entryes
Ranck close toogeather, thee Greeks most manlye repelling.
Wee with al encoraged weare stur'd too fortifie castel
Of poore king Priamus, bringing fresh strength to the vanquisht.
Theare stood an od corner from vulgar companie singled,
A posterne secret, to the castel Princelye belonging,
Andromachee the woful that passage traced had often
Priuat, whil'st Priamus kingdoom with saultie remained,
Too graundsyre leading her yoong chield Astyanacta.
Too the typ of turrets I ran, wheare feeblye the Troians
Cleene tyde, the assaultrours with weak force vaynely repulsed.
Theare was a toure standing on a rock, that in altitud eu'ned
Thee stars, too seming (whence al thee Troian assemblie
Was woont thee Greek fleet to behold, and customed armie)
Wee that disioyncted; from stoans thee timber asunder
Wee tearde; thee ioyncturs vnknit, with an horribil hurring
Pat fals thee turret, thee Greeks with crash swash it heapeth.
Their rowme supply oothers; no kind of weapon is absent,
Nor stoans, nor boans.
Theare stood ek al furiouse with wrath dan Pyrrhus in entrye,
With brandisht weapons russling, in brasshaped armcure.
Much like the owtpeaking from weeds of poysoned adder,
Whom nauil of boorrowes in winters season hath harbour'd.
His slougth vncasing, him self now youthfulye bleacheth,

His

His tayle smoog thirling, slicke breast to Titan vpheauing.
With toonge three forcked furth spirts fyre freshly regendred.
Theare fought Sir Periphas, and coachman of old of Achilles.
Automedon named, soomtime that guided his horses.
With theese stout captayns thee youth of *Scyria* marched,
They doe pres on forward, vp fire to the rafter is hurled.
In person Pyrrhus with fast wrought twibbil in handling
Downe beats with pealing thee doors, and post metal heaueth,
Hudge beams hee brusteth, strong bars fast ioynctes he renteth.
A broad gap yawning with theese great pusshes is op'ned,
Where with thee chambers ar plaine discoouered inward.
Now Priamus parlours, with long antiquitie nobled,
Too the foe stand open, with large far gallerie stretched.
Stronglye the first entry thee Troians garded in armoure.
But the inner lodgings did shrille with clamorus howting,
Too skies swift climbing was sent thee terribil owtcrie.
Then shiuering moothers through court doo wander agasted,
Thee posts fast colling, the pilers moste hartelye busling.
With father his courradge his might dan Pyrrhus enhaunceth,
No man, no morter can his onset forcibil hynder.
With rip rap bouncing thee ram to the chapter is hurled,
Postes al and parlours vp from foundation heauing.
Pykes make thee passadge: and top syd turuie be turned
Al thee Princelie thresholds; thee Troians roundly be murthred.
No place or od corners of Greekish sould'or ar emptie.
Not so great a ruffling the riuer strong flashie reteyneth (ging
Through ỹ breach owt spurging, eke against bancks sturdely shog-
It brayeth in snorting, through towns, through countrie remouing
Both stabil and oxen. There I saw in boucherie bathed
Firie Neoptolemus, both bretherne lincked Atridans.
And Hecuba old Princesse did I see with number, an hundred
Law daughters: Priamus with blood defiled his owne eyre,
That with his owne traueling too Gods hee setled on altars,
Fiftie nephew striplings, and lemmans fiftie reteyn'd he.
Now thee statelye pilers with gould of *Barbarye* fretted (nock.
Are razde. Wheare flaming dooth cease, there Greeks doe make ha-
Happlie what eende Priamus did make, now wil be requyred.
His foes old Priamus through court and cittie beholding
On rusty shoulders slow clapt his vnusual armoure,

And

And booteleſſe mozglay to his ſides hee belted vnhable.
His lik amid'ſt the enimies with foyne too finniſh he mindeth.
In midil of the palaice to ſkies bzoad al open an altar
Stood with greene laurel, thzough long antiquitie, ſhaded.
Now to this hold Hecuba, and her daughters mourneful aſembled
In vain foz ſuccour griping their miſtical idols.
Like dooues in tempeſt clinging faſt cloſly togeather.
When ſhee ſaw Priamus yoonthlik ſurcharged in armour
Shee ſayd: What madnes thee leads, vnfoztunat huſband,
With theeſe mails maſſiue to be clog'd: now whether I pzay thee?
Our ſtate eke and perſons may not thus weakly be ſhielded.
No though my darling were pzeſent, courraged Hector.
Heere pitch thy foztreſſe: let truſt be repoſed in altar:
This ſhal vs all ſuccour, oz wee wil ioinctly be murthzed.
This ſaid; her old huſband in ſacred ſeat ſhe repoſed.
But ſe ye, from Pyrrhus ſcaping the youthly Polites
Sonne too king Priamus, thzough thzuſting fozcibil armour,
Ruſht by long entreys, thee paſſadge bloudie begoaring.
Him quick dan Pyrrhus purſuing greedily reatcheth.
With the puſh and poaking of launce hee perceth his entrails.
In ſight of the ſoazie parents hee fel to the groundward,
And liefe with the guſhing bloudſhed to the Gods he releaſed.
When that king Priamus did ſee this boucherie beaſtly,
Though that he were poſting in fatal iourney to deaths dooze,
Yeet this quick cholerick challenge hee could not abandon.
Now foz this tyzanie, the Gods (ſo that equitie raigneth
And the loare of iuſtice) take, I pzay theim rightly reuengement.
In father his pzeſence with ſpightful villenie cancred,
Thee ſonne that murthzeſt, my ſight with boucherie ſtayning.
Not ſo the right valiaunt (whoſe ſoon th'art feigned) Achilles
Was to his foe Priamus, but laws of martial armes
Tendzing did render too tumb thee carcas of Hector.
And me to my kingdoom both gently and truely returned.
The old man thus bawling, in ſtrẽgth cleene weakned, here hurleu
His dart at Pyrrhus from the armour feebly rebounding,
In bos of his target with flagging weaknes it hangeth.
Why then, quod Pyrrhus, thou ſhalt bee ſpeedily poſted
Too coaſt infernal, theare let my exploits be repozted.
My father aduertiſe, that I was ful truely begotten,

Basely Neoptolemus was borne, that carrie for errand.
This said, poore Priamus with force from the altar is haled,
And then sir Pyrrhus with left hand grapled his hoarelocks,
In the blud him ducking of his owne soon, sellie Polytes.
His blade he with thrusting in his old dwind carcas vphilted.
This was Prince Priamus last end and destinie final,
Who saw thee Troians vanquisht, thee cittie repressed:
Emp'ror of hudge *Asia*, earst ruling with dignitie regal,
In shoare now nameless dooth ly like a trunchon al headless.
This when I perceaued, with sensibil horror atached,
My father Anchises heere with do I cal to remembraunce,
Whil'st I beheld Priamus thus gasping, my sire his adgemate,
I beare eke in memorie my wife left soaly Creüsa.
And my house dispoiled, then I thinck on my soon Iülus.
In this wise musing min eye glaunst to my coompanie fenstue,
I doe spie no Troian, for soom tyer'd trumbled al headlong
Too ground, and diuerse were burnt with purposed offer.
Thus then I left naked, by Vestaes temple abiding
False Helen, in lurking manner close setled, I marcked.
Thee flaming brightnesse from sight dooth darcknes abandon.
This minion doubting thee Troians blouddie reuengement,
And also fearing thee Greekish firie requital,
Thee bane of vs Troians, of Greeks thee mak-bate Erinnys,
Form'd her in a corner sneaking detested of altars.
With choler inflaming I rest al restles in anger,
With the death of the ladie to requite my countrie repressed.
To *Mycen*, or Spartans and shal she be saulfly returned?
And after conquest as Queene with glorie to flourish?
Her father, her palaces shal shee se, her children, her husband?
With the knot of Troian matrons to her seruice aiotted?
Slain lies king Priamus: the Troian cittie beskorched.
Thee shoars of *Dardan* for her oft with bloudshed abounded.
No suer, I may not such an horribil iniurie cancel.
For to kil a wooman though no great glorie be gleaned,
Though valor and al honour from such weake victorie slitteth,
Yeet to slea this firebrand, of al hurly burly the foundresse,
Must bee commended. My mind eke further is eased
If that of our slaughters I shal bee partly reuenged.
And as I thus mutt'red, with roisting phrensie betrainted

My

My moother, the Godesse (who was accustomed algats
Eare this time present to be dusk) most brimly did offer
Her self to visadge, the night with brightnes auoiding.
Eeune lik as her deitie to the Saincts dooth luster in heu'nbliſſe.
Shee claspt my right hand, her sweet rose parly thus adding.
Soon to what od purpose thus meane ye to ruffle in anger?
What maks you furious? wil you care charie relinquish
Of mee your moother? Too post with speedines hoamward
Too father Anchises were best: if seallie Creüsa
Or the lad Ascanius from murther saulfly be breathing.
Them Greeks assaulting had kild, or turned in ashes
Had not my deitie their strength ourr highly resisted.
Not thee Greekish Helen (whose sight thy passion angrie
Enkindleth) not faultie Paris this cittie represseth.
This ruin ordained thee Gods and destinie froward.
Looke (for I the moysture whearwith, now mortal, is hindred
Thy sight, doo bannish, thee darckneſſe clowdie remooving.
See, that you doe folow your moothers destinat order,
What she the commaundeth to obserue, precisely remember)
Heere loe, whear heaps hudgy thow seest disioincted a sunder
And stoans dismembred from stoans, smooke foggie bedusted,
Thee wals God Neptune, with mace threeforcked vphurleth,
And cleene their ioinctures from deepe foundation heaueth.
Aud the Godesse Iuno ful fraight with poysoned enuie
Thee gates strong warding, foorth from the nauie the Greek foes
Dooth whoup, streight belted with steele.
In tops of turrets see wheare Tritonia Pallas
Is set, thee Troians killing with Gorgon his eyesight.
Thee father of deitie thee Greeks dooth mightily courradge:
Through his procurement thee Gods thee cittie dishable.
Flee, fle, my sweet darling, let toyls bee finnished hastly.
Thow shalt bee shielded with my protection alway.
I wil not faile thee to time thow saulfly be setled.
This said, th darckloom night shade quite clowdie she vanniſht.
Grisly faces frouncing, eke against *Troy* leaged in hatred
Of Saincts foure deities did I see.
Then did I marck plainely thee castel of *Ilion* vplaid,
And Troian building quite topsie turuy remooued.
Much lik on a mountain thee tree drie withered oaken

Sliest by the clowne Coridon rusticks with twibbil, or hatchet.
Then the tre deepe minced, far chopt dooth terrifie swinckers,
With menacing becking thee branches palsye before tyme,
Until with sowghing it grunts, as wounded in hacking.
At length with rounsekal, from stock vntruncked, it harsheth.
With Gods assistaunce downe from thee turret I lighted,
Mye tools make passadge through flame and hostilitie Greekish.
Too father Anchises old house thus sauflye retyred,
Foorthwith I dyd purpose from thence too desolat hil tops
My syre too carry, but as I this matter had vttred,
Too liue now longer. *Troy* burnt, hee flatlye reneaged;
Or to dwel as bannisht. But, he sayd, you lustye Iuuentus
In yeers and carcasse prime, quick and liuelye remayning
Flee you.
If Gods omnipotent my life too linger had ordred,
They would theese lodgings haue kenst. Sufficeth it also
That Troians misery did I liue too testifye mournekful.
Good syrs, bee packing, let my corps heere be reposed.
My fist shal purchase my death, my foe mercye wil offer
For the bootye fishing. Of graue to be voyded is harmeleste.
Long my life I pampred, too Gods celestial yrksoom,
Syth king of mankind, father of diuinitye total,
With thundring lightnings, my carcasse stronglye beblasted.
Theese woords expressing in one heast hee stillye remayned
Round fel I too weeping, with my spouse soarie Creüsa,
With my soon Ascanius, with al eke thee sorroful household.
Him we al desired too tame this desperat owtrage,
Our final slaughter not with such follye to purchase.
Hee rested wylful lyk a wayward obstinat oldgrey.
I then alarm shouted, too dy did I verilye purpose,
For now what counsayl, what course may rightly be taken?
What? father Anchises, hold you my duetye so slender,
Too slip from *Troy* towne, and heere you soole to relinquish?
From the fathers sermons shal such fond patcherye slicker?
If Gods eternal thee last disseuered offal
Of *Troy* determyn too burne, if you father also
Your selfe too murther, too roote youre progenye purpose,
Catch that catch may be, thee streete gate too slaughter is open.
From killing Priamus, dan Pyrrhus shortlye wyl hither,

Thee

Thee ſonne faſt bye the ſyre; thee ſyre that murthred at altars.
Mak't for this (moother) that mee through danger vnharmed
You led, now my enimies to behold too riffle in hous-ſeat:
And my ſoon Aſcanius, my ſyre, my ſeallye Creüſa
For to ſe deepe bathed, groouelíng in blouds of eche oother: (mour.
Nay then I beeſhrew mee: make ye haſt ſyrs: bring me myne ar-
Now for a laſt farewel do I take me to Greekiſh aſembly.
Soom Greekes ſhall find it bitter, before al we be ſlaughtred.
I girt my weapons to my ſide, my tergat I ſetled
On leaft hand ſo ruſhing to the ſtreets I poſted in anger.
But my feete embracing my pheere me in the entrye reteyned.
Too father owtraging thee ſoon ſhee tendred lülus.
If to die you purpoſe, take vs alſo in coompanie with you.
If through experience ſoom truſt ye doe ſettel in armoure
Firſt gard this dwelling, wheare reſts thee childiſh lülus,
Wheare father is ſeated, where your ſpouſe named, is harbour'd.
Theeſe words owt ſhowting, w̄ her howling ẏ houſe ſhe repl̄niſht
But look on a ſuddeyn what chaunce moſt woonderus hapned
Tweene father and moother the yong boy ſetled lülus,
A certeyn lightning on his headtop gliſtered harmeleſſe.
His criſp locks frizeling, his temples prettelye ſtroaking.
Heer with al in trembling with ſpeede wee ruffled his hearebuſh,
With water attempting thee flame too mortifie ſacred.
But father Anchiſes, mounting his ſight to the ſkyward,
Both the hands vplifting, hart'ly thus his oriſon vttred.
Iuppiter omnipotent (if that prayer anye the bendeth)
Vs pitie, thy ſeruaunts, if eke ought our godlines aſketh,
Graunt (father) aſſiſtaunce this mirracle happie to ſtabliſh.
Scant had he this finniſht, when that, with ſudden, a thundring
In the ſkye did rumble, foorth with their flamed a blazing
Star, ſtreams owt ſhooting, yeelding of cleerenes abundaunce.
Wee noted it glyding from tops of manſion houſe-place.
Laſtlye the ſtar ſincking in woods wyde of Ida was hidden,
Right the waye foorth poincting. Thee wood with brightnes apee-
Eech path was fulſoom with ſent of ſulphurus orppn. (reth:
My father here conquer'd, him ſelf vp luſtilye lifted.
With the Godhead parling he the ſtar crinital adoreth.
Now, quod he, no lingring, let vs hēce, I am preſt to be packing.
Saulfe my prettie nephew, you Gods of countrye, my linnadge.

You do manadge *Troy* towne; this is eke your prosperus omen.
Now, my soon, on forward thy syre is prest hastly to tracke thee.
Thus sayd he. Thee flaming to ẏ townewals more nere aproched,
And the flash of burning with skorching speedines hasted.
Wel father in Gods name, mount on my shoulder, I pray you.
This labor is pleasaunt, to me 'tys not paineful or yrcksoom.
What luck shal betide vs, wee wil be in destinie partners,
Or good hap, or froward: and let my young lad Iülus
Nert be my companion, my wife may softlye pace after.
Syrs, you thee seruaunts, slack not my woords to remember.
A tumb to *Troy* towne and mouldy tempil aneereth
Vow'd to the godlye Ceres, a cipresse by the church seat abideth
By our old progenitours long time deuoutlye regarded.
From diuerse corners to that hewt wee wil make asemblye.
Gripe, father, our countrye deitees; se ye warilye keepe theim.
For sith I with bickrings embrewd so blooddye my fingers.
I may not, I dare not pollute Gods heau'nlye, with handling,
Until I with fountayn mee wash.
When that I theese speeches deliuered, I twisted a wallet
On my broad shoulders, my nape did I settle eke vnder,
With lion his yellow darck skyn my carcase I cased.
My father on shoulders I set, my yoong lad Iülus
I lead with right hand, tripping with pit pat vnequal,
My wife cooms after, through crosse blynd allye we iumble.
And I that in forenight was with no weapon agasted,
And litle esteemed thee swarms of Greekish asemblye
Now shiuer at shaddows, eeche pipling puf doth amaze me.
For yong companion, forbedred burden abashed.
Danger al escaping to the gats I saulflye repayred.
Yeet not withstanding a trampling sudden of hoat foot
Sold'ours vs chased, to my thincking; my father also
Casting eye backward cryed owt, soon flee, they doe track vs.
I doe se theyr brandisht tergats, and brasshapen harneise.
Now was I from policy forecast with terror amooued,
For whil'st I wandred through streets and passages vncooth,
My wife departed, my coomfort hartye Creüsa.
If death her had goared, she behynd if weerye remayned,
Or strayed in foloing, I knew not truelye: but after
Unseene shee rested, nor backward skewd I myne eyesight,

In

In graue of holye Ceres til that my burden I lighted.
For shee was missing when al our good coompanye clustred.
With soon, with family, with mee shee kept not apointment.
Too Gods, too creaturs I belcht owt blasphemye bawling.
For to me what mischief could chaunce in cittie more hurtful.
My father Anchises, my chield I took to my seruaunts,
And Gods of Troians were coucht in custodye secret.
I to the towne turned close clad with burnished armoure,
I was determin'd fully, too ventur al hazards,
Al *Troy* too trauerse, too suffer danger al hapning.
First did I coom backward to the wals, from whẽce I remooued,
Too the gate I posted by night, and carefulye dogging
Thee way with lightflams, eeche crooked corner I ransackt.
Both with nightye silence was I quayld and greatlye with horror.
Thence did I trudge hoamward, too learne if she haplye returned.
But theare weare the enimies with thronging cluster asembled.
Thee fire heer on fretting with blaze too rafter is heaued.
Thee flams surmounting tenements doo whizze to the skyward.
I ran too Priamus razd court, at castel I gazed,
In cels and temple, that of old too Iuno was apted.
As keeper Phœnix was made, with ruthles Vlisses
Of booty and pillage. Theere Troian treasur is hurded,
That flames escaped, thear stood the rich halloed altars.
Theare massiue gould cups bee layd, theare wardrob abundant
Of roabs most pretiouse, thear ar eke yoong childzen in order
With cold hart moothers, for Greekish victorie quaking,
Setled on al sides.
I stoutly emboldned with night shade raysed an howting,
With mournful bell'ing I nam'de expressye, Creüsa.
In vayne with sobbing was oft that od eccho repeated.
In this guise frantyck as I ran through cittie with howling
I noted on suddeyn the ghost of verye Creüsa,
And her woonted image, to me knowne, mad her elfish aparance.
Heere with I was daunted, my hear star'd, and speechles I stutted.
Then to me thus speaking, my carck in search she remooued.
This labor, ô husband, too no great purpose anayleth,
For this hap is chaunced by the Gods prefixed apointment,
Hence it is vnlawfull with you too carrie Creüsa.
That trauayl is shortned by the king of sacred Olympus.

Thow must with surges bee bang'd and pilgrimage yrksoome.
In land Hesperian thow shalt bee saulfye receaued,
Wheare glydes through cornefields, with streaming secrecy, *Tybris*.
Theare doe lye great kingdooms, and Queene most Princely be-
For the, mye kind husband for mee griefe therefor abandon. (spoken
Now me the Myrmidones for captiue prisoner hold not,
Nor sterne snuff Dolopans, and Greekish matron I serue not,
Of Venus in wedlock thee daughter.
Of Gods thee moother me in this my countrye reteyneth.
Fare ye wel, ô husband, our yoong babie charily tender.
This sayd, shee vanniſht, and though that I sadly required,
Too confer further, yeet shee too tarrye renounced.
Thryce did I theare coouet, to col, to clasp her in armes.
Thryce then thee spirit my catching swiftlye refused.
Much lyk to a puffwind, or nap that vannished hastlye.
Thee twylight twinckled, foorth I to my coompanie posted.
Whear soone I perceiued with woonder a multitud hudgie.
Of men with woomen too this layre newly repayred.
Thee yoonger Troians, thee meaner wretched assemblie
Round to me did cluster, with purse and person abiding
Prest, through surgie waters with mee too seek their auenturs.
Lucifer owtpeaking in tips of mounted hil *Ida*
On draws thee dawning. Thee Greeks with custodie watchful,
Warded thee towngats, hoap here of no succor abideth.
I shrunck, and my father to the crowne of mounten I lifted.

Finis libri secundi.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS AENEIS.

WHEN guiltlesse Asian kingdoom sterne destinie qualshed,
With Priamus country when squyz'd was the Ilian empyze,
When *Troy* was razed, quight from foundation hoysed:
Foozth to run exiled, too seeke soom forren auentures,
By Gods we are warned. Wee rig'd our naule flat vnder
Haut hil of *Antander*, not far from mounten of *Ida*.
Then we wer vncerteyn too what saulf soyle to betake vs.
Men to vs thick crouded: scant was pzime summer apzoched,
When father Anchises to the seas thee coompanie charged.
I salt teavs shedding, my natiue countrie relinquisht,
Thee roads and plat fourms where *Troy* stood: sad to the seaward
With my companions and with my yoong son Iülus
With Gods, mightie patrons, my course and passage I bended.
A large wyld region theare stands, *Mauortia* cleaped,
Thracia soom terme it: theare raign'd thee blouddie Lycurgus:
The Troian leage seat, with fastned freendship abiding
Whil'st foztune floated. With crosse blast thither I sayled,
On shoaze eke I founded townewals, by destinie luckesse:
Of my name, Aeneidans dwellers, theare setled, I named.
Too Venus and the sacred remnant of thee holie triumphaunt
I fram'd a sacrifice, the begun woozck lucklye to pzosper,
And to Ioue omnipotent a bul neere seaside I slaughtred.
A tumb theare rested by chaunce close shaded al vpward
With twigs thick crumpled, with myztel mossye thear edging.
I dzew neere, minding too roote fro cel earthie the thicket,
With thee slips greenish too deck thee new shaped altars.
I view'd with woondzing a gzisly monsterus hazard.

For the tre supplanted, that first fro the roote seat is haled,
With drop drop trilling of swart blud filtred abundance.
Thee ground black steyning: then foorth with a quinerish horror
My ioyncts child ransackt, my bloud with terror apaling.
At the second pulling, when an oother wicker is vp pluckt.
Theareby the whole matter foorth with more deepelye to ferret,
From that stub likewise foorth spirt drops bluddelye stilling.
With this hap entangled, thee sweete Nymphs rural I woorshipt,
And God Mars the Regent of that soyle crabbed adoring,
Too turne too goodnesse this sight and merciles omen.
But when I thee third time with grype more fiercelye did offer,
My knees fast pitching on sands, too pluck vp an oother:
(What? shal I chat further? from speeche shal secrecye bar mee?)
From pits deepe bottoom dooth skritche a woonderus howling,
With playnts most pitiful to our ears thus sadlye rebounding.
Woorthye syr Æneas, why with this boutcherye teare you
A caytife forlorne? Extend your mercye to dead folck.
Foule not your sacred hands: you rack no forrener owtcast,
You rent a Troian: theese drops from shrubs doe not issue.
Oh, flee this Canibal countrie, this coquetous Iland.
I am nam'd sir Polydor; with darts fel nayled heer vnder
I lodge: which thicket thus growne me terriblye stingeth.
I stud al astonied, my hear star'de, and speechles I rested.
This Polydor whillon with pure gould mightilye loaden,
Preenilye by Priamus, thee Troian rector vnhappye,
Too king Treicius was sent, to be charilye noorseld.
But when this gardein perceiu'd the aduersitie Troian,
And that theire cittie thee Greecian armye besieged;
He leaues thee conquer'd, and clingd to the partie triumphant.
Al trust fowlye breaking, thee poore Polydorus is headlesse
Through wicked murther, thee gold thee traytor vp hurdeth.
What feat or endeuours of gould thou consecrat hunger
Wens minds constrain'st not with wiles or vertue to coompasse.
When that I tooke courradge, when pangs al feareful I banniht,
I told thee chiefteyns, and namely my good father adged
This strange aduenture, their iudgements also requiring.
Swiftly they determin'd too flee from a countrye so wicked,
Paltocks Inne leauing, too wrinche thee naue too southward.
For Polydor wee fram'd an obit: wee tumbled in heapwise

Of

Of stoans a cluster, with black weede the altar is hanged,
With tree swartye Cipers: *Troy* dames with customed vsadge
Trol round, downe tracing with their dischaueled hearlocks.
Wee pour'd milck luke warme foaming, and bloud sacred after.
With maine noyse lifted to the slayne soule lastlye we shouted.
When soft gale sootherne and calme seas salftye did offer,
My mates lancht forward their fleete, from shoare we be glyding,
Thee roads, thee countrey, thee towns fro our naute be gadding.
In the myd of the searowme theare stands a plentiful Island
Too thee dame of myrmayds, too Neptune Princely relying.
This was roundlye bayed (for so the loue hen'nlye did order)
With *Mycone*, and eke with *Giarus*, two famosed Islands.
Theare resting habitants no wind flaws stormye regarded.
Too this Isle I sailed, wee saulfly did harbor in hauen.
When we were al landed, we the cittie of Phœbus adored.
King Anius, king of the inhabitants, and Priest of Apollo,
Crown'd with fresh garland, with laurels consecrat headband,
Glad met vs, also knowing Anchises aged, his old freend.
Theare we shake hands kindly, foorthwith we are settled in hostry.
In the old built tempil thus thee God Phœbus I worshipt.
Soom bye place of resting graunt vs, most sacred Apollo,
Peeld wals to vs wery, soom stock, soom towne for abiding.
Saulue the second *Troy* towne, thee scraaps of wrathful Achilles,
Of Greeks thee rellicks; by what king shal we be ruled?
What man is our captaine? Too what soyl worldly to iourney,
Thow doost commaund vs? where shal we be lastly reposed?
Shew father a prophecie; poure downe thy good oracle heu'nly.
Scant had I thus spoken, when seats al quiu'red about vs.
Thee doors, thee laurel, thee mount with terribil earthquake
Doo totter shiuering, with rumbling mutterus eccho.
Then too vs squat groouneling in this wise the oracle aunswer d.
You brawn'd hard Troians, what soile your auncetrie seised
First of al old countreis, to the same you shal be reduced.
Track out your moother, whom long antiquitie graunted.
With seed of Æneas shal coompasse earthly be ruled.
His soons soons and soons from their braue progenie springing.
Thus God Apollo cried: but wee with an vnisone owtcrie,
And with iolly tumult, where should that cittie be setled
Streightways demaunded, what place God Phœbus apointed.

My

My father Anchiſes vp al old antiquitie ripping,
Heare me, quod hee, lordinges, learne the expectation hoped.
Thee *Creet* Ile in midſeas dooth ſtand too Iuppiter hallow'd:
Theare mount *Ide* reſteth, thee ſpring of progenie Troian.
A fruictful kingdoome, with towns in number an hundred.
Hence our progenitour (ſo I faile not in hiſtorie told mee)
Surnamed Teucrus firſt came too *Rhetean* Iſland.
Theare pitcht he his kingdoom, for then *Troy* cittie was vnbuilt,
And caſtels ſtood not, the habitans in vallie remained.
Theare dwelt dame Cybele in forreſt of deſolat *Ida*.
And moonewiſe Coribants on braſſe their od harmonie tinckling.
Thence cooms truſtie ſilence vs'd in ſollemnitie ſacred.
And two ſtately lions this fine dames gilt wagon haled.
Wiſely let vs thearefor too Gods direction harcken:
Let winds bee ſwaged foorth with too *Candie* be packing.
Short is thee paſſadge (ſo that our God Iuppiter help vs)
In three days ſailing wee ſhal too *Candie* be pufted.
This diſcourſe eended, too the altars holie returning,
A bul too Neptune, with a bul too golden Apollo,
Hee likewiſe ſlaught'red too roaring winter a black beaſt,
But to the ſweet weſt wind a beſt whit lillie was offred.
Theare fleeth a rumour, that king of *Candie* relinquiſht
His ſeat, that the Iſland is left vnfurniſhed wholy.
Wee left Dictigian countrey, with nauie we paſſed
By mounts of *Nazon* too ſkincking Bacchus alotted.
From thence wee trauailed to the greenedeckt gaily *Donyſa*:
To *Oleoron*, too lillie *Paron*, to the *Cyclades* alſo
Diſpers'd and ſcatter'd, and neere creeks ſundrie we ſailed.
Thee thickſkin mariners ſhouted with ſudden agreement.
My maats aſſented to bend too *Candie* the paſſadge.
Thee wind puft forward with ſweete gale freely the nauie:
At length by ſayling on land of *Candie* we lighted.
Firſt then at our landing towne wals I ther haſtily founded.
Pergamea I cal'd it, that name they gladly receaued.
By me they were connſail'd too build vp ſumptuus houſes.
Alſo by this ſeaſon too docks our nauie was haled.
Thee youth too wedlock and tillage thriftily cluſtred.
Both laws and tenements I fram'd. But ſtreight on a ſuddein
A plaguie boch ranged, with foule contagion airie

Both

Both bodies feſtring and fruict trees plentiful harming.
A yeere too diſmal For ſweete life ſwiftlye was eended,
Thee fields cleene fruictleſſe thee dogſtar Sirius heated.
Thee flour's war with'red, thee ſoyle fruicts plentye renegeth.
My father exhorted too turne too ſacred Apollo,
For toe craue our pardon, when ſhould this iournye be finniſht,
Or trauail exployed, by what means might we be furthred.
Thee night his mantel dooth ſpred: with ſlumber is holden
Eche liuing creature, then my holye domeſtical houſgods,
In laſt nights fyrebroyls, that from *Troy* ſkorched I ſaulued,
In gliſtred ſhining in a dreame toe me made thear aparaunce.
Iump at the wyndoors, where moonſhine brimlye did enter.
Thus to me they parled, ſhredding of ſorroful anguiſh.
Syr, to ye what ſoothſay to record dooth purpoſe Apollo,
Heere that he diſchargeth: we be ſent too ſignify his errand
Wee ſkapte frō Troybrands bye thye courradge manfulye ſhielded
And bye thye good guiding through ſea-plaſh ſtormye we marched.
Wee thee ſame pilgrims wyl yeeld to thye progenye glorye,
And rule too citty. Let townewals mightye be raiſed
Streight by the for mighty perſons: let no reaſon hold thee
From flight: this countrey muſt bee forſaken: Apollo
Meant not, in his prophecy, thy courſe too *Candye* to further.
Theare ſtands a region, by Greeks it is *Heſperye* named,
A ſtout old countrey, with plenty fertil abounding.
Theare dwelt th' Oenotrians, but now by the coompanye yonger
Of thee firſt captayn valiaunt, it is *Italye* termed:
Our ſeat theare reſteth: theare borne was Dardanus adged,
And father Iäſius: from whence our auncetrie ſprouted.
Wherefore in al gladneſſe to thine old ſire certifie tidings:
Skud to ſoyl Italian, from *Candie* the Iuppiter haleth.
With theeſe Gods gingling, with ſight moſt geaſon apaled,
(For to my ful ſeeming with ſlumber I was not atached
I knew their tuckt locks, I knew their phiſnomie preſent
A cold ſweat ſaltiſh through my ioincts fiercly did enter)
From my bed I ſtarted: to the ſkie with meeknes I lifted
My hands deuoutly praying, then too my fortunat houſ-gods
I fram'd a ſacrifice: next with ioy tickled I poſted
Too my ſire Anchiſes: and told the matter in order.
Hee noted his ſtumbling to haue coom from the auncetry doubtful,

And

And dubil acceptaunce of syers to haue fostred his erroure.
O my soon Æneas, with Troian destinie toughned,
Thee self same prophecy too mee Cassandra recited:
Now cal I too memory that shee this countrye remembred,
Often at Hesperian regions, and *Italye* glauncing.
But to soyl *Hesperian* that *Troy* men should be remooued,
What wight coniectur'de? who would Cassandra then harcken?
Accept wee therefor this course, and credit Apollo.
Thus sayd: we assented to his lore with cheereful obeysaunce.
Wee leaue *Creete* country; and our sayls vnwrapped vphoysing,
With woodden vessel thee rough seas deepely we furrowe.
When we fro land harbours too mayne seas gyddye did enter
Voyded of al coast sight with wild flouds roundly bebayed,
A watrie clowd gloomming, ful abooue mee clampred, apeered,
A sharp storme menacing, from sight beams sunnye reflecting:
Thee flaws with rumbling, thee wrought fluds angrye doe iumble:
Up swel thee surges, in chauffe sea plashie we tumble:
With the rayn, is daylight through darckneste moystie bewrapped,
And thundring lightbolts from toyne clowds fyre be flashing.
Wee doe mis our passadge through fel fluds boysterus erring,
Our pilot eke, Palinure, through dymneste clowdye bedusked
In poincts of coompasse dooth stray with palpabil erroure.
Three dayes in darckneste from bright beams sunny repealed,
And three nights parted from lightning starrye we wandred.
Thee fourth day folowing thee shoare, neere setled, apeered
And hils vppeaking; and smoak swift steam'd to the skyward.
Our sayls are strucken, we roa foorth with speedines hastye,
And the sea by our mariners with the oars cleene canted is har-
On shoars of *Strophades* from storme escaped I landed, (row'd,
For those plats *Strophades* in languadge Greekish ar highted,
With the sea coucht Islands. Where foule bird foggye Celæno
And Harpy is nestled: since franckling Phines his housroume
From them was sunder'd, and fragments plenty remooued.
No plagne more perilous, no monster grislye more ouglye,
No Stigian vengeaunce like too theese carmoran haggards.
Theese fouls like maidens are pynde with phisnomie palish;
With ram'd cram'd garbadge, their gorges draftye be gulled,
With tallants prowling, their face wan withred in hunger,
With famin vpsoaken.

When

When t'ward theese Islands our ships wee setled in hauen,
Neere, we view'd, grasing heards of bigge franckye fat oxen,
And goats eke cropping careleſſe, not garded of heerdman.
Wee rusht with weapons, parte of thee bootye we lotted
First to louc. On banck syds our selues with food we reposed.
But loa with a suddeyn flushing thee gulligut Harpeys
From mountayns flitter, with gaggling whirlerye flapping
Their wings: fooyth the viand fro tabils al greedily snatching,
With fulsoom sauour, with stincking poysoned oydure
Thee ground they smeared, theartoo skriches harshye reioyning.
Then we set al the tabils, and fyyde our mystical altars
Under a rock arched, with trees thick coouered ouer.
At the second sitting from parcels sundyy repayyed
This coouie rauenouse, and swift with a desperat onset,
They gripte in tallants the meat and fooyth spourged a sticking
Foule carrayne sauoure: then I wil'd thee coompanye present,
Too take their weapons, and fight with mischeuus howlets.
My wil at a becking is doon, they doe run to their armoure
In grasse their flachets, and tergats warilye pitching.
But when at a thyyd slight theese fowls to the coompanye neered,
With shril brasse trumpet Misenus sowned alarum.
Dure men marcht foyward, and fierce gane a martial vncoth
Charge, theese strange vulturs with skirmish bluddye to maister.
But strokes their feathers pearl'd not, uoy carcases harmed;
And toe skye they soared, thee victals clammye behind them
They do leaue haulf mangled with sent vnsau'rye bepoudyed.
On the typ of rockish turret stood gastlye Celœno
Unlucky propheteſſe; and thus she recounted her errand.
And now Syy Troians, wil you foy slaughter of oxen
And foy al our owne good wage war with sellye pooye Harpeys?
And vs from kingdoom bannish? Then take me this errand:
And what I shal prophecy with tentine listines harcken,
What Ioue too Phœbus, too me allo what vttred Apollo.
I the chiefe hel fyyebyand of fel furye mischeuus holden
Wil now discoouer thee self same mysterie told mee.
Italye you long foy, to the land eke of *Italye* saulsye
You shal bee guided with winds, and setled in hauen.
Yeet notwithstanding ere conquer'd cittye be rampyyde,
Foy this youre trespas you shal be so gaunted in hunger,

That

That your smeary tabils you wil most greedilye swallow.'
Thus she sayd: and forward to the wood shee flickered hastilye.
At this hap our feloes with feareful phantasie daunted,
Stood stil al astonied with cold bloud like gely, quiu'ring.
They doe quayl in courradge, and with no martial armoure,
But by ther holye prayers they doe practise peaceful atoanement.
If Godesse, if birds stincking, or bugs they resembled.
But father Anchises his palms from strond-plat inhaunсing
On Gods heun'lye crieth, to ther hest with duetie relying:
Gods, quod he, this messadge turne you to a prosperus *omen*.
Cancel theese menacing soothings, thee godlye reseruing.
Thus sayd: swift we weyed the anchors, and sayles vphoysed,
With northen bluster through some seas speedilye flitting,
As the gale and the pilot with steering skilful vs haleth.
In midil of the sea deepe wee saw thee woodye *Zacynthos*,
Dulichium, *Samee*, with cragged *Neritos* hard stond.
Wee fle the rocks of *Ithack*, and coast of Princely Laërtes,
Also we the birth place detest of flinted Vlisses.
The mount *Leucates* with thick clowds gloommye bedawbed
Vp peaks to the viewing with feareful poinct of Apollo.
Theare we were enshoared quight tyr'de, and on to the borrough
As we gad, our vessels vpdrawne are grapled at anchor.
Theare we being landed saulfly through forfun vnhoaped,
Too Ioue wee sacrifice, sundry hostes are flamed on altars,
And Troian pastimes wee practise in *Actean* Island.
Soom feloes naked with larding smearye bebasted.
With wrastling gambalds for price, for maistrie do struggle
Merrie for escaping thee towns and Grecian hamlets,
Through their deadly foes their passage luckie recounting:
Thee whil'st faire Phœbus thee yeers course roundly reuolued,
And seas, with north blast and winter frostie, be roughned:
A brasen hudge tergat, that Abans erst fenced in armour,
On post I nailed, thee cling'd shield this posie beareth.
This Signe Æneas From Greekish Conqueror Haled.
I gaue commaund'ment fro the port to the ships to be packing.
My maats skum the sea froth there in oares strõg cherily dipping.
Thee Pheacan turrets foorthwith from sight we relinquish.
Wee coast *Epëirus*, thence wee touche *Chaön* his hauen.
And to the great burrough of *Buthrot* stately we skudded.

Heere,

Heere, loe, through our hying a report incredibil, vncoth,
Glides, that Prince Helenus, by Troian lineal offspring
Sonne too king Priamus, this Greekish countrye reteyneth.
Thee pheere possessing and crowne of Pyrrhus his empyre,
Also that Andromachee dooth bed with a countrye man husband.
Theese news mee mazing, my mynd was greedilye whet'ned,
Too parle with the Regent, too learne this meruclus hapning.
I stept from the hauen, leauing my nauie behind mee.
Happely that season soome banckets costlye, with oother
Lamenting presents (in shade to the cittie reioyning
Neere water of *Simois* both deeply and warilye sliding)
Andromachee framed to the dust, on tumb eke of Hector
Calling with burial yelling, that al emptie remayned:
With greene turf circled, from thence right on she repayred,
For cause of further mourning, too consecrat altars.
When she did espy mee posting, and Troyical armoure
Too too gyddie viewed, with vnordinat extasies hamper'd,
Downe she fel on suddeyn, thee cold too carcas approcheth:
Shee sowns, and after long pausing thus she sayd elflyke.
Is thy true plaine visadge with tru shape natural offred?
Imp of a statelye Godesse bring'st thou to me verily tidings?
Art thow yeet liuing? or the if light worldly relinquisht,
Tel me where is my husband, my sweeting delicat Hector?
Thus sayd: al in blubbring shee floath, with clamorus howling
Thee place shee tinckled: but I through pangs vncoth vnhabled,
With stutting stanering at length thus fumbled an aunswer.
I doe liue, I assure thee, though dangers sundrye me taynted,
Doubt ye not, a changling ye se none.
Lord what good fortune thee lack of pristinat husband
Hath toe thy contentment with new match luckye releeued?
Possesseth Pyrrhus thee spouse of famosed Hector?
Downe she smote her visadge, to me thus ful smoothly replying.
ô Priamus daughter, thee virgin Princely, thrise happye
Thou that by thy foes neere *Troy* wals slaughtered hast beene.
By this hap escaping thee filth of lottarye carnal.
Too couche not mounting of maister vanquisher hoat spur.
But we, by crosse passadge from flamed countrye remoued,
Thee pride of a stripling and ymp of wrathful Achilles
Haue borne with thraldoom, with sharp captiuitie fetter'd,

Hee to fine Hermionee, for Greeks a bootie to peereleſſe,
Daughter too Queene Helen, fait and hoat phantaſie kended.
Me his nieke to his ſeruaunt Helenus ful firmely betroathed.
But yeet vnexpected with icalouſie kendled Orefies
For los of his bedmate, did take too tardie my maiſter,
Him by his ſires altars killing with ſkarboro warning.
When fro Neoptolemus thee vital ſpirit abated
This part was to Helenus by willed parcerie lotted:
Chaonian countreys of Troian Chaon ycleaped:
This towne *Troy* cittie, this caſtel eke *Ilion* highting.
But to the what paſſadge thee winds and foxtun aiotted?
Or what great deity toſt thee to our deſolate angle?
How fares Aſcanius? doth he liue, and breathful abideth?
Whom to the now *Troy* towne.
Dooth the los of moother to the child bring ſorowful anguiſh?
Are ſparcks of courradge in this yong progenie kindled
By father Æneas, with his vncle martial Hector?
Theeſe toyes ſhee prattled mourning, griefs newly refreshing.
Thee whil'ſt king Helenus, with a crowding coompanie garded,
From towne to vs bukkling vs as his freends freendly bewelcom'd,
Vs to his new cittie with curteſie chereful he leadeth;
With tears rief trickling fancing eech queſtion aſked,
I march on forward: and yoong *Troy* finely reſembling
Thee big huge old monument, & new brooke *Xanthus* I knowledge.
With the petit townegats fauoring the principal old portes.
Alſo my companions in country citty be frollick:
Into the verie palaice the Prince theim wholy receaueth.
With whip cat bowling they kept a merrie carouſing.
Thee goulden mazurs vp ſkinckt for a bon viage hoyſing.
There we did al ſoiourne two dayes: then a proſperus hizling
Of south blaſt, puffing on fayles dooth ſummon vs onward.
Too thee Princely prophet thus I ſpake, him freendly requeſting.
O ſacred Troyan, thee light of miſterie darckned,
Of Gods thee ſpoaks mate, thee truchman of hallo'd Apollo:
By the God enſtructed by ſtars for to ominat eeche thing,
By flight and chirping birds to prognoſticat aptly:
Poure foorth thy prophecy (for too mee proſperus hazards
Eeche ſound relligion foretold, mee to *Italie* poſting,
Only on diſpleaſaunt foule ſhapt bird, the Harpie Celæno

(For-

Forwarns much mischiefe to coom with dangerus hunger)
In theese stormie perils too what saulf porte shal I take mee?
King Helenus slaughtring, with woont accustomed heyfers,
Peace craues of the Godhead, from front the label vnhanging,
Wee, by the hand, trembling hee leads to thy mistery (Phœbus)
Thee priest this prophecie from Gods direction op'ned.
Thou soon of holy Venus (for th'art by setled apointment
Of Gods mightie power to exployts most doughtie reserued,
Thus thy fate establisht dooth rest, so thy fortun is ordred)
Of poincts sundrie wil I to the shape but a curtal abridgement,
Too the eend in thy trauail thow maist the more heedly be lesson'd,
And passe to Italian region, thus shortly rehersing
Peece meale prettie parings: for too tel a summarie total,
Thee fates king Helenus dooe bar, with Iuno the Saturne.
Wheare thow supposest therefor, that here *Italie* fast by
Dooth stand, and mindest to sail with speede to that hauen:
Withdraw thy iudgement from that grosse cosmical errour.
Italie is hence parted by long crosse dangerus inpaths.
In flud Trinacrian thy great oars must deepely be bathed,
And the sea rough wurcking must eeke with naule be trauerst,
And Circes Island se ye must with *Limbo* lake hellish:
Ere ye shal in saulf land of a nobil cittie be founder.
Glaunce I wil at certein tokens, be ye watchful in harckning.
When ye shal in secret with care neere fresh water happen,
Too spie by thee banck sides a straunge sow mightily fired,
Coompased al roundly with suchlings thirtie too number,
White, with lillie colours faire deckt, shee shal be reposed
On groumd, dug dieting her milckwhit farroed hoglings.
Heere shal cease thy labours: heere shal thy cittie be builded.
Feare not thee manging foretold of bird seat in hunger,
Thee fates thee passage shal smooth, yea goulden Apollo,
If ye wil him summon, shal bee to the foorth readie coomming.
But this neere setled countrie (that of *Italie* is holden
Parcel) see ye shun it: for theare Greeks ireful ar harbourd.
Heere the man of *Locrus* mounted steepe stately the townwals,
And fields of *Salent* with trouping clustered armie
Lyctius Idomeneus dooth keepe: so duke Melibœus
Holds the prettie Petil round coompast strong by Philoctect.
Also when in saulfty from seas the naule shal harbour,

When rites religious thow vowest on new shaped altars,
With purple vesture bee deckt, with purpil eke hooded,
Least that in aduauncing thee Gods with firie cole heating,
Soom dismal visadge foorth peake thee misterie marring.
Thou with thy feloes obserue this customed order.
And by thy posteritie let theese rites duelye be fostred.
With winds neere to *Sicil* when that thy nauie shal enter,
And streyts shal be op'ned neere craggy vnweildye *Pelorus*,
With left hand sayling to the left side countrye be packing:
What stands on right side both land and channel abandon.
Theese shoares were sundred by the plash breache, fame so doth vt-
(So things transitory by lengthned season ar eaten) (ter,
For when theese countries were grapled iunctlye togeather,
Swift the sea with plashing rusht in, townes terriblye drenching,
Italye disioynting with short streicts from *Sicil* Island,
Scylla doth on right side rough stand, and deadlye *Charybdis*
On left hand swelleth with broad iaws greedily galping,
Into gut vpslouping three times thee flash water angrye,
From paunch alsoe spuing toe the sky the plash hastlye receaued.
But *Scylla* in cabbans with sneaking treacherie lurcketh,
Close and slilye spying, too flirt thee nauie to rock bane.
A man in her visadge, then a virgin faire she resembleth
Downe to her gastlye nauel, like a whale from thee belye seeming.
Monsterus, vnseemely, then a taile like a dolphin is added
Iumbled vp of sauadge sel woolfs, with grislye iol hanging.
It wil be saulfer too passe thee countrie *Pachynus*,
With leasure lingring, and far streicts crabbye to circle,
Than to be surprised by *Scylla* in dungeon hellish.
Where curs barck bawling, with yelp yalpe snarrye rebounding.
Also if king Helenus bee now for a tru prophet holden,
If faith bee resiaunt, if trouth to him graunteth Apollo:
Thow soon of heu'nly Godesse, this point I chiefly shal vtter,
And beside al learnings eftsoons it must be repeated:
Let Iunoes deitee with ductie be woorshiped humble.
Unto her frame thy prayers, let mystresse mighty be vanquisht
With meek'ned presents, and then like a conqueror happye
From land Trinacrian thou shalt bee to *Italye* posted.
When ye in this passadge too *Cumas* cittie shal enter,
And lake with rumbling forrest of sacred *Auerna*,

A

A brainsick prophetesse se ye shal, whom dungeon holdeth
In ground deepe riueted, future haps and destinie chaunting.
But yeet al her prophecies in greene leaues nicely described,
In theese slipprie leaues what sooth thee virgin auerreth.
See frams in Poetry: her verses in dungeon howsing,
They keepe rancks ordred, with aray first setled abiding:
But when on a suddeyn thee doors winds blastie doe batter,
And theese leaues greenish with whisking lightly be scatter'd,
Neauer dooth she laboure to reuoke her flittered issue,
Or to place in cabban, their sloane lyms freshly reioyning.
Thus they fle, detesting thee lodge of giddie Sibylla:
Heere for a spirt linger, no good opportunitie scaping.
(Although thee to seaward thy posting coompanie calleth,
And winds vaunce fully thy sayls with prosperus huffing)
Post too this propheteſſe, let her help and sooth be required.
Shee wil giue notice to the streight of al *Italye* dwellers:
How thow wisely trauayls shalt shun, shalt manfulye suffer.
Theare she wil instruct thee, thy passadge fortunat ayding.
Theese be such od caueats, as I to the freendlye can vtter.
Foorth: and with thy valor let Troian glory be mounted.
When this Princely prophet this counsayl faithful had eended,
Hee wils that presents of gould, ful weightily poysing,
Bee brought to our vessels, and therewith eke iuorie pullisht:
Plenty great of siluer with plate must sumptuus adding.
And a shirt mayled with gould, with a crested vp helmet.
Lately Neoptolemus possest this martial armoure.
My father Anchises rich presents also receaueth.
Horses eke and captayns are sent.
And oars to our vessels be brought and weapon aboundante.
Thee whil'st Anchises wyls that thee naue be launched,
Least that in our loytring our passadge lucky wer hindred.
Him Prophet of Phœbus dooth treat with dignitie peereleſſe.
Anchises, whom stately Venus tak's woorthy for husband,
Thee charge of deitee, now twise from *Troy* ruin haled,
Italye see yoonder: thither with naue be squdding.
Howbeit theese parcels in sayling must be refused,
Seeke the far and distant country declar'd of Apollo.
Fare ye wel, happye parent of a soon so woorthye; what ought els
Should I say? what maks mee this gale so fortunat hinder?

Also good Andromachee with last departur al heauye,
Presented vestures of gould most ritchlye bedyghted.
And my lad Alcanius with a Troian mantel adorning. (lincketh.
Mean'd woorcks thwackt with honor, to her gifts this parlye she
Take my boy, theese tookens by myn owne hands finnished holy.
Let these of Andromachee thee good wyl testifye lasting.
Cherrish theese presents by the pheere to the tendred of Hector.
O next Astianax thee type by me chieflye beloued,
In visadge, looking, eke in hands thee fullye resembling.
Who had ben, if hee liued, for yeers now youthlye thine equal.
I for a long farewel this sonnet sorroful uttred.
Rest ye stil heere blessed, that now youre fortun haue eended:
Wee to future mischiefe from former danger ar hurled.
You rest in fre quiet, thee seas you need not vpharrow.
You reck not, to trauayle, that back goeth *Italye* serching.
Heere the image of Zanthus ye behold, and prettye *Troy* buylded
By youre Princelye labours, and too this new shaped engyn
Thee Gods send fortune, fro assaultes too fortifye Greekish.
If that I too *Tybris* with neere but countrye shal enter,
And that I shal fortune to behold thee towne by me founded:
Italye with the *Epicre*, too both king Dardanus author,
Shal be knit in freendship, making of two pepil one *Troy*.
This leage eke of felosship shal bee manteyned of issue.
Forth we goe too the seaward, wee sayle bye *Ceraunia* swiftly.
Wheare too ioynctlye mearing a cantel of *Italye* neereth.
Thee whilste thee sunbeams are maskt, hyls darcklye be muffled:
Wee be put hard ioyguing to the boosom of countrye requyred.
Oure selfs wee cherrisht, oure members slumber atached,
Not yeet was my dnight ouerhyed, when that Palinurus,
From bed nimblye fleeth, too se what quarter it husketh:
How stands thee wind blast, with listning tentiue he marcketh,
Thee lights starrye noting in globe celestial hanging:
Thee seu'n stars stormy, twise told thee plowstar, eke *Arcture*,
Also sad *Orion*, with goulden slacket, in armoure.
When that he perceaued, thee coast to be cleere, then he summon'd
Oure men too ship boord, thee camp wee swiftlye remooued.
Forth we take oure passadge, oure sayles ful winged vp hoysting.
Thee stars are darckned, glittring *Aurora* reshined.
Wee doe se swart mountayns, we doe gaze eke at *Italye* dimmed.

Italye

Italye loe yoonder, first, *Italye*, showted Achates.
Italye land naming lykewise thee coompanye greeted.
Then father Anchises a gould boul massye betrowning,
With wyne hym charged, thee Gods celestial hayleth,
In ship thus speaking.
Yon Gods of layling, of land stats mightie remayning,
Graunt to vs milde passadge, and tempest mollifie roughning.
Lowere gales are breathing, and poste neere seated apeereth:
In the lyp of mountayne thee temple of hautye Minerua
Glad we seye: thee mariners strike sayles, & row to ỳ shoareward.
The haven from the east coast, in bowewise, crooked apereth.
Thee rocks fomely facing with salt flouds spumie be drumming.
Downe the road is lurcking, yeet two peers loftie run vpward
From stoans like turrets: fro the shoare thee tempil auoydeth.
Heere for a first omen fowre fayre steeds snow white I marcked,
Thee pasture spredding in fieldes: this countrye doth offer,
Quod father Anchises, garboyls, so doe signifye war steeds.
Yeet stay: the self hosses in waynes erst ioinctlye were hooked,
Al yoked, and matchlike teamed with common agreement.
This loe quod hee bringeth firme hoape for peaceable vsadge.
Then we honored Pallas, that graunted a luckye beginning:
Also before the altars oure heads with purpil ar hooded,
In *Troy* rites, Helenus faithful direction holding.
And with setled honor thee Greekish Iuno we woorshipt.
Heere we doe not linger; thee vowd sollemnitye finnisht,
Vp we gad, owt spredding our sayls and make to the seaward:
Al creeks mistrustful with Greekish countrye refusing.
Hercules his dwelling (if bruite bee truelye reported)
Wee se, *Tarent* named, to which heu'nlye *Lacinia* fronteth,
And Caulons castels we doe spie, with *Scylla* the wreckmake.
Then far of vplandish we doe view thee fir'd Sicil *AEtna*.
And a seabelch grounting on rough rocks rapfulye frapping
Mas hard; with ramping bounce clapping neer to the seacoast
Fierce the waters ruffle, thee sands with wrought floud ar hoysed.
Quod father Anchises, heere loe that scuruye *Charybdis*.
Theese stoans king Helenus, theese ragd rocks rustye fore vttred.
Hence hye, mye deere feloes, duck the oars, & stick to the tacklings.
Thus sayd he, thē swiftly this his heast thee coompanie practise.
First thee pilot Palinure thee steerd ship wigs to the lefthand.

Right so to thee same boord thee maysters al wyde the vessels.
Up we sle too skyward with wild flouds hautye, then vnder
Wee duck too bottom with waues contrarye repressed.
Thus thrise in oure diuing thee rocks moste horribly roared:
And thrise in oure mounting to the stars thee surges vs heaued,
Thee winds and soonbeams vs, poore souls weerye, refused,
And to soyl of Cyclops with wandring iournye we roamed.
A large roade fenced from rough ventositye blustring.
But neere ioyntlye brayeth with rufflerye rumboled *AEtna*.
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed.
Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating:
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurled,
Ragd rocks vp raking: and guts of mounten rented
From roote vp he iogleth: stoans hudge slag molten he rowseth:
With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kendling.
Men say that Enceladus with bolt haulf blasted here harbrouht,
Ding'd with this squising and massiue burthen of *AEtna*,
Which pyes on him nailed from broached chimnys stil heateth.
As oft as the giant his brold syds croompeled altreth,
So oft *Sicil* al shinereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparckled.
That night in forrest to vs pouke bugs gastlye be tendred.
Thee cause wee find not, for noise phantastical offred.
Thee stars imparted no light, thee welken is heauye:
And the moon enshrined with closet clowdye remayned.
Thee morning brightnesse dooth luster in east seat *Eous*,
And night shades moystures glittring *Aurora* repealeth.
When that on a suddeyn we behold a windbeaten hard shrimp,
With lanck wan visadge, with rags iags patcherye clowted,
His fists too the skyward rearing, heere wee stood amazed.
A meigre leane rake with a long berd goatlyke; aparrayl'd
In shrub weeds thorny: by his birth a Grecian holden.
One that too *Troy* broyls whillon from his countrye repayred.
When the skrag had marcked far a loof thee Troian atyring,
And Troian weapons, in steps he stutted, apaled:
And first his footing, at length with desperat offer
Too the shore hee neered, theese speeches merciful vttring.
By stars I craue you, by the ayre, by the celical houshold,
Hoyse me hence (O Troians) too sum oother countrye me whirrie.
Playnely to speake algats, for a Greeke my self I doe knowledge,

And

And that I too Troytowne with purposed enmitye sailed.
If this my trespasse now claymeth duelye reuengment (boure.
Plunge me deepe in the waters, and lodge me in Neptun his har-
If meus hands slea mee, such mannish slaughter I wish for.
Thus sayd he, downe kneeling, & our feete mournefuly clasping.
Then we him desired first too discouer his offpring,
After too manifest this his hard and destenye bitter.
My father Anchises gaue his hand to the wretch on a suddeyn,
And with al a pardon, with saulfe protection, offred.
Thee captiue, shaking of feare, too parlye thus entred.
Borne I was in the Ithacan countrey, mate of haples Vlisses,
Named Achœmenides, my syre also cal'd Adamastus.
A good honest poore man (would we in that penurye lasted)
Sent me to your Troy wars, at last my coompanie skared
From this countrye cruel, did posting leaue me behinde theim,
In Cyclops kennel, thee laystow dirtye, the foule den.
In this grislye palaice, in forme and quantitie mightye,
Palpable and groaping darckneſſe with murther aboundeth.
Hee doth in al mischiefe surpasse, hee mounts to the sky top.
(Al the heu'nly feloship from the earth such a monster abandon)
Hard he is too be viewed, too se hym no person abideth.
Thee bloud & the entrayls of men by him slaughtred, he gnaweth.
And of my feloes I saw that a couple he grapled
On ground lowe groouеling, and theim with villenye crushed,
At flint hard dashing, thee goare bloud spowteth of eeche side,
And swims in the thrashold, I saw flesh bluddie toe slauer,
When ỳ cob had maunged the gobets foule garbaged haulfe quick.
Yeet got he not shotfree, this butcherye quighted Vlisses:
In which doughtye peril the Ithacan moste wisely bethought him.
For the vnsauerie rakhel with collops bludred yfrancked.
With chuffe chaffe wineſops like a gourd bourrachoe replennisht,
His nodil in crossewise wresting downe droops to ỳ grownward,
In belche galp vomiting with dead sleape snortye the collops,
Raw with wine soused, we doe pray to supernal assemblye.
Round with al embaying thee muffe maffe loller;eke hastlye
With toole sharp poincted wee boarde and perced his one light,
That stood in his lowring front gloommish malleted onlye.
Like Greekish targat glistring, or Phœbus his hornebeams.
Thus the death of feloes on a lout wee gladly reuenged.

But se ye flee caytiefs, hy ye hence, cut swiftlye the cables.
Back fro the shoare.
For such as in pyson thee great Polyphemus is holden,
His sheepflocks foddring, from dugs mylck thriftilye squising,
Thee like heere in mountayns doo randge in number an hundred,
That bee cacl'd Cyclopes in naming vsual highted.
Thee moone three seasons her passadge orbical eended
Sence I heere in forrest and cabbans gastlye dyd harboure,
With beastes fel saluadge: and in caues stoanye Cyclopes
Dayly I se, their trampling and yelling hellish abhorring.
My self I dieted with sloas, and thinlye with hawthorns,
With mast, & with roots of eeche herb I swadgde my great hũger.
I pyed al quarters, and first this naupe to shoare ward
Swift, I scryed, sayling too which my seife I remitted,
Of what condition, what country so eauer it had beene.
Now tis sufficient that I skape fro this horribil Island.
Hee rather extinguish with doom bloud murther or oother.
Scant had he thus spoken: when that from mountenus hil toppe
Al wee see the giaunt, with his hole flock lowbylyke hagling.
Hamde ỳ shepeherd Polyphem, to ỳ wel knowne sea syd approching.
A fowle fog monster, great swad, depryued of eyesight.
His fits and stalcking are propt with trunck of a pynetree.
His flock him doe folow, this charge him chiefly reioyceth.
In grief al his coomfort on neck his whistle is hanged.
When that too the seasyde thee swayne Longolius hobbled,
Hee rinst in the water thee drosse from his late bored eyelyd.
His tusk grimly gnashing, in seas far waltred, he groyleth:
Scantly doo the water surmounting reache to the shoulders.
But we being feared, from that coast hastly remooued,
And with vs embarcked the Greekish suitur, as amply
His due request merited, wee chopt of softly the cables.
Swift wer sweepe the sea froth with nimble lustilad oare strieke.
Thee noise he perceaued, then he turning warily listeth.
But when he consider'd, that wee preuented his handling,
And that from foloing our ships thee fluds hye reuockt him,
Loud the lowbie brayed with belling, monsterous eccho:
Thee water hee shaketh, with his outcryes *Italie* trembleth,
And with a thick thundring thee fyerde forge *Aetna* rebounded.
Then runs from mountayns and woods thee rownsual helswarme

Of

Of Cyclopan lurdens to the shoars in coompanie clustring.
Far we se them distaunt, vs grimly and vainely beholding.
Up to the sky reatching, thee breetherne swish swash of *Aetna*.
A folck moaste fullsoom, for sight moste fitlye resembling
Trees of loftye cipers, with thickned multitud oak rowes:
Or loues great forrest, or woods of mightye Diana.
Feare thear vs enforced with forcing speedines headlong
Too swap of our cables, and fal to the seas at auenture.
But yeet king Helenus iump t'wixt *Scylla* and the *Charybdis*
For to sail vs monished, with no great dangerus hazard.
Yeet we wer ons minded, backward thee nauie to maister.
Heeere loe behold *Boreas* from bouch of north blo *Pelorus*
Our ships ful chargeth, thee quick rocks stoanye we passed:
And great *Pantagia*, and *Megarus* with Tapsus his Island.
Theese soyls fore wandred to our men were truelye related
By poore Achœmenides mate too thee luckles Vlisses.
Face too countrye *Sicil* theare stands a dangerus Island
Plemmyrium stormy, but it old past auncetrye cleaped
Ortygia: *Alpheus*, men say, thee great flud of *Elis*
Under seabottoms this passadge ferreted, and now
Swift fro *Arethusa* going meets in flouds of *Sicil* Island.
That countrie deitie, though wild, wee worshiped, and thence
Wee sail'd and trauailed to the coast of fertil *Elorus*.
Then we grate on rockrayes and baucks of stoany *Pachynus*,
And *Camarina* riuer, to remooue by destinie barred.
Allo we through passed thee fields of stately Geloüs.
And thee mightye water, by custoom great *Gela* named.
Thence strong built *Agragas* his huge high wals loftelye vaunceth,
That steeds courragious with racebrood plentiful offred.
And with like sayling wee passe thee wooddye *Selinis*:
And deepe gulfs sincking of blind *Lilybeia* rockish.
After too *Drepanus* bad roade not luckye we sayled.
Heere loa being scaped from rough tempestuus huffling,
My father Anchises, in cares my accustomed helper.
I loose: ô my father, wil you forsake me, thus ending
My toyls and my trauails, when then did I maister al hazards?
Nor propheting Helenus, when he foretold dangerus hard hays
Forspake this burial mourning, nor filthie Celœno.
This was last my labour, thee knot clasp of min auentures.

From

From thence God mee shoou'd too this your gratius empire.
Thus father Æneas soly to the coompanie lisn'ning
His long dirie viadge, and Gods set destinie chaunted.
At length kept he silence, with finnished histozie resting.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.

But the Queene in meane while with carcks quãdare deepe anguisht,
Her wound fed by Venus, with firebayt smold'red is hooked.
The wights doughtie manhood leag'd with gentilitie nobil,
His woozds fitly placed, with his heu'nly phisnomie pleasing,
March through her hart mus'ring, al in her brest deepely she printeth.
Theese carcking cratchets her sleeping natural hinder,
Thee next day folowing Phœbus did clarifie brightly
Thee woold with luster, watrie shaads *Aurora* remooued,
When to her deere sister, with woozds, halfe giddie she raueth.
Sister An, I marueile, what dreams mee terrifie napping,
What newcoom trauailer, what guest in my harbozie lighted?
How braue he dooth court it: what strength & courrage he carries:
I beleue it certain (ne yet hold I it vainely repozted)
That fro the great linnadge of Gods his pettegre shooteth.
Feare shews pitfle crauens: good God, what destinie wayward
Hath the man endured? what bickrings bitter he passed?
Had not I fozesnaffled my mind by votarie pzomise,
Not to yoke in wedlock too no wight earthly my person,

When

When my first feloship by murther beastly was eended,
Had not I such daliaunce, such pipling bed gle renounced,
Haply this one faultie trespas might bring me to bending.
An (to the my meaning and mind I doe planiely set open)
Since the death of my husband, too wit, the Sichœus vnhappie,
Since my cruel broother defil'de the domestical altars:
Only this od gallant hath bow'd my phansie to liking,
And my looue hath gained: the skorcht step of old fire I sauour.
But first with vengeaunce let the earth mee swallo to bottom,
Or father omnipotent with lightnings dyng me to *Lymbo*,
And to *Erebus* shading darckneste, too dungeon hellish,
Eare that I shal thy statutes (ô shamefast chastitie) cancel.
Hee, that first me yoked for wife, did carrie my first looue,
Hardly let him showd it, close clasp in graue let it harbour.
When she thus had spoaken, with tears her brest she replennisht.
Then said An (ô sister, than light more deerely belooued)
Wil ye stil in pining your youthful ioylitie stiefle?
Wil ye not haue children, nor sweete Venus happie rewarding's?
Weene ye that our liking a scalp of a charuel In heedeth?
Graunt, earst that no woer could catche your phansie to wedlock,
Nor *Lybie* land lordings, ne by *Tyre* despised lärbas,
Nor many stat's loftie, that rest in plentiful *Affrick*:
Wil ye stil endeuour with pleas'd looue vainely to iustle?
Wil ye be forgetting in what curst countrie ye sojourne?
Heere towns of Getuls doo stand, a nation hardie,
Heere ye sit embayed with Moores, with *Syrtis* vnhowsed.
Theare pepil of *Barcey* through soale wild barrenes harboure.
What shal I tel further, what broyle Tyrus angrye doth hammer,
What threats your broother thunders.
I thinck, that the Godhead, with Iunoes prosperus ayding,
Thee Troian vessels too this your segnorye pelted.
Loe what a faire citty shal mount, what stablished empyre
By this great wedlock: with might of the vnitie Troian.
How far shal be fleing thee glorie renowmed of *Affrick*,
Of Gods craue pardon, then, when your seruite is eended,
Your new guest frollick, his stay let forgerie linger,
Til winters lowring bee past, and rayne-make Orion.
Til they rig al vessels, vntil time stormie be swaged.
With theese woords flamung her brest was kendled in hoat looue:

Shee graunts to her tottring mind hoape, shame bashful anoyding.
First to the church gad they, rest and peace mecklye requesting,
In sacrifice killing, by woont accustomed, hogrels:
First to Ceres makclaw, too Phœbus then to Lycæus:
Chiefly to Queene Iuno that wedlocks vnitie knitteth.
Thee bol in hand firmely Queene Dido the bewtiful holding,
Pour'd it amydst both the hoyns peaking of lillye white heyfer.
Soomtime to the altars, distant, of Gods she resorteth:
And makes fresh sacrifice, the catel new slaughtered, heeding.
Shee weens her fortune by guts, hoate smoakye to conster.
ô the superstitions of beldam trumperye sookhsays.
Now what anayle temples, or vows, whil'st deepelye the flam'd fire
Kendleth in her marrow, whil'st wound in brest cel is aking.
Dido the wretch, burneth, neere mad through cittye she stalketh:
Muce like a doe wounded too death, not marcked of heerdman,
His dart sharp headed through forrest Cassian hurling,
On the doe iump lighteth by soom chaunce medlye: the weapon,
Thee bodye sore ranckling dooth stur thee deere to the frithward,
Or to falow straining, in corps thee deadlye stak hangeth.
Often about thee wals Æneas stilye she trayneth:
Too welth Sidonian poincting, too cittie nere eended.
Her bye tale owt hauking amyd ost her parlye she chocketh.
Soomtime she inuites them too deynty bancquet in eeu'ning:
Now fresh againe crauing of Troian toyle the recital.
From lyps of Chronicler with blincking listenes hanging.
When they be departed, when light of mooneshine is housed,
And stars downe gliding at due time of slumber ar ayming,
Restles aloane sobbing on left benche soalye she sitteth:
Her selfe not present she both hyers and sees the man absent.
Or the slip Alcanius (for sainct thee shrinecase adoring).
Shee cols for the father: with busse to lenifie looucfits.
Thee towrs new founded mount not, thee coompanye youthful
Surcease from warfeats, there toyls no swincker in hauen;
Nor mason in bulwarck: wurcks interrupted ar hanging.
And wals hudge menacing, thee sky top in altitud eeu'ning.
When the plage of pacient thee spouse of Iuppiter heeded,
And noe repoyte wandring thee loone furye kendled abated,
Thus toe Venus turning spake thee Saturnical empresse.
A praise of high reckning, eke a catche to be greatlye renowmed

You

You with youre pricket purchast, loe the victorie famouse:
With two Gods packing one woomman sellye to coosen.
Wel did I know, mistresse, that you my great harborie feared,
Wightelye mistrusting thee seats of *Carthage* hye mounted.
When shal, Hoa, her shouted? to what drift feede we this anger?
Why be we not forward theese mat's too marrye togeather
And a leage eternal conclude? thy long wish is hested.
Dido with hert liking dooth burne, her boans furie fretteth.
Let theese sundrye pepils theare for bee linked in one loare.
Also let oure Dido vayle her hert too bedfelow Troian:
And Tyrian kingdooms to the shal for dowrye be graunted.
Then to her (for wisely shee sound thee treacherye feined
Too fetch too Tyrians the great empire of *Italye* woorcking)
Thus Venus her speeches did bend. What niddipol hare-braine
Would scorne this couenaunt? would with thee gladly be iarring?
If so this happye trauayle shal so be with happines ayded.
But fates mee stammering dooe make, if Ioppiter holdeth
Best, that the Tyrians and Troian progenye couple,
That they be conioigned, that both they freendlye be leaged.
You to him bee spoused: thee trouth with pillo toy ferret.
On before, and I folow. Too this ladye Iuno replyed.
That labor I warrant. Now by what craftines are wee
Too wurck this stratagem: marck wel, for I briefly wil open.
Thee Prince Æneas and eke Queene Dido the poore soule
For to hunt in forrest too morro be fullye resolued,
So soon as in east coaste with bright beams Titan apeereth.
Then wil I round coompasse with clowd grim foggye theese hunters.
When they shal in thickets thee couuert mainely be drawing.
All the skye shal rusile with thumping thunderus hurring.
Thee men I wil scatter, they shal be in darcknes al hooued'd.
Dido and the Troian captaine shal iumble in one den.
If with his my trauayle thy mind and phansie be meeting
Then wil I thee wedlock with firme affinitie fasten:
This shal bee the bryde hymne. To the drift Venus vttred, agreed,
Smoothly with al simpring, too groape suche treacherus handling.
Thee whil'st thee dawning Aurora fro the Ocean hastned,
And the Way fresh yoonckers to the gates doo make there assembly
With nets and catch toyls, and huntspears plentiful pyn'd:
With the hounds quicksenting, with pricking galloper horsman.

Long

Long for thee Princesse the Moors gentilitie wayted,
As yet in her pincking not prankt with trinckerie trinckets:
As they stood attending thee whil'st her trapt genet hautie
Deckt with ritche scarlet, with gould stood furniture hanging,
Prauncseth on al starrling, and on bit gingled he chaumpeth.
At length forth she fleeth with swarming companie circ'led,
In cloke Sidonical with rich die brightly besprinckled.
Her locks are broided with gould, her quiuer is hanging
Backward: with gould tache thee vesture purple is holden.
Thee band of Troians likewise, with wanton Iülus
Doo marche on forward: but of al thee Lucifer heu'nly
In bewtie Æneas him selfe to the coompanie rancketh.
Like when as hard frozen *Lycia* and *Zanth* flouds be relinquisht
By Phœbe, to *Delos*, his native countrie seat, hastning.
Hee poincts a dawnsing, forthwith the rustical hoblobs
Of *Cretes*, of *Driopes*, and painted clowns Agathyrsi
Doce fetch their gambalds hopping neere consecrat altars.
Hee trips on *Zanthus* mountain, with delicat hearelocks
Trailing: with greene shrubs and pure gould neatly becrampound
His shafts on shoulder rattle: the like hautie resemblaunce
Carried Æneas with glistring coomlines heu'nly.

When they to thee mountains and too layrs uncoth arroched,
Then, loe, behold ye, breaking thee goats doo trip fro the rocktops
Neeere to the plaine: the heard deare dooth stray frō mounten vn-
Thee chase is ensued with passadge dullie bepowdred harbourd.
But the lad Ascanius, with prauncing courser hie mounted,
Dooth mannage in valley, now theim, now theese ouerambling.
Hee scornes theese rascal tame games, but a sounder of hogsteers,
Or the browne lion to stalck fro the mountaine he wisheth.

Thee whil'st in the skie seat great bouncing rumbelo thundring
Rattleth: downe powring, too sleete thick haile knob is added.
Thee Tyrian feloship with youthful Troian assemblie
And Venus hautie nephew doo run too sundrie set houses.
Hudge flouds lowdly freaming from moūtains lofti be trowlling,
Dido and thee Troian captaine doo iumble in one den.
Then the earth crau's the banes, theretoo watry Iuno, ỳ chaplain,
Seams vp thee bedmatch, the fire and aire testifie wedlock.
And Nymphs in mountains high typ doe squeak, hullelo, yearning
That day cros and dismal was cause of mischief al after,

And

And bane of her killing: her fame for sleight she regarded.
No more dooth she laboure too mask her phansie with hudwinck,
With thee name of wedlock her carnal leacherie cloaking,
Straight through towns Lybical this fame with an infamie ran-
Fame the greyl vngëtil, than whom none swifter is extant; (geth.
Limber in her whisking: her strength in iournye she trebbleth;
First like a shrimp squatting for feare, then boldlye she roameth
On ground prowd ietting: she soars vp nimblye toe skyward;
The earth, her dame, chaufking with graund Gods celical anger,
Litter'd this leueret, the syb, as men sundrye rehersed,
Too the giant Cœus, sister to swad Encelad holden.
Foorth she quicklye galops, with wingflight swallolike hastning.
A foule fog pack paunch: what feathers plumye she beareth,
So manye squint eyebals shee keeps (a relation vncoth)
So manye tongues clapper, with her ears and lip-labor een'ned.
In the dead of night time to the skyes shee flickereth, howling (uing.
Through the earth shade skipping, her sight from slumber amoo-
Whil'st the sun is shining the bagage close lodgeth in houstoofs,
Or tops of turrets, with feare towns loftye she frighteth.
As readye forgde fittons, as true tales vaynelye toe twattle.
Thee pepil in iangling this raynebeaten harlotrye filled:
Merrily foorth chatting feats past, and feats not atempted.
That the duke Æneas from Troians auncetrye sprouting,
In *Lybye* coast landed, with whom faire Dido the Princesse
Her person barterd, and that they both be resolued,
Thee winter season too wast in leacherye wanton.
Retchles of her kingdoom, with rutting bitcherie sauted.
This that prat pye cadesse labored too trumpet in eeche place.
Foorth she fleeth posting to the kingly rector Iärbas.
With the brute enflaming his mind she doth huddle on anger.
Soon to the Prince Ammon, Garamans thee fayre, bye rape
His moother named; this king too Iuppiter heu'nly snatch,
Temples twise fifty did build, like number of altars,
With fire continual theese seats too consecrat vsing,
With the bloud of sacrifice floating, with delicat herbflowrs.
Netled with theese brackye nouels as wild as a marche hare
In the myd of the Idols (men tel) neere furnished altars,
Theese woords, vplifting both his hands, he to Iuppiter vttred.
Iuppiter almightie, whom men Maurusian, eating

On the tabils vernisht, with cup-rit's magnifie dulye:
Eyest thou this filthood? shal wee, father heu'nlye, be careleſſe
Of thy claps thundring? or when fiers glimrye be listed
In clowds grim gloomming with bounce doe terrifie worldlings?
A coy tyb, as vagabund in this my segnorye wandring,
That the plat of *Carthage* from mee by coosinage hooked,
T'whom gaue I fayre tillage, and eeke laws needful enacted,
Hath scorn'd my wedlock: Æneas lord she reteyneth.
Now this smocktoy Paris with berdleſſe coompanye wayted,
With Grecekish coronet, with falling woommanish hearelocks
Like fiest hound milcksop trim'd vp, thee victorie catcheth.
And wee beat the bushes, thee stil with worship adoring.
Onlye for oure seruice soom prayſed vanitye gleaning.
Thee prayer of playntiefe, grappling thee consecrat altars,
Iuppiter hard; foorth with to, the courte hee whirled his eyesight,
And viewd theese bedmat's no sound reputation heeding.
With woords imperial thus he speaks and Mercurye chargeth.
Flee my son, & busk on, let sweete winds swiftlye be soomnon'd,
And to the duke Troian, that vainelye in *Carthage* abideth,
Thee towns neglecting, that to him fet destinie lotteth,
Theese woords deliuer, from mee to him carrye this errand.
His paragon moother to vs fram'd a promise of hudger
Accoumpt and reckning, than he now perfourmeth, vpon that
Hoape future expected, from *Troy* flam's twise she relin'd him.
Too me she did promise, that he should bee the emperor hautye,
That would, with bickring, fierce martial *Italye* vanquish:
Thee Troian family with wide spread glorie reuiuing:
And globe of al regions with laws right equitie bridle.
Too feats so valiant if that no glorie doth hast him,
Or to him thee catching of fame so woorthye be toyleſoom:
Shal, by syre Ascanius from Roman cittye be loytred?
What doth he forge? wherefore wil he rest in countrye so freend-
Why the Lauin regions, and stock, he so slilye reputeth? (lesse?
Thee sea let him trauerse: this is al: to him signifie this muche.
Ioue sayd: eke hee the fathers cõmaund to accõplish apoincteth.
First of al his woorcking too his feete shooes goulden he knitteth,
By which he with wind blast rufling oft flittereth vpward,
Wheather he land regions or rough seas surgye doth harrow.
His rod next he handleth: by which from the helly *Bocardo*

Tour'd

Touz'd toſt ſouls he freeth: diuerſe to the pꝛiſon he plungeth.
Hee cauſeth ſleeping and bars: bye death eyelyd vphaſping.
With the rod eke he ſheareth the winds, & ſcattereth high clowds.
As thus he did flicker, thee top with ſideryb of Atlas
Hee ſees, that pꝛoppeth, with crowne, the ſupernal *Olympus*,
Atlas, whoſe pallet with pynetrees plentiful hooued'd,
In grim clowds darckned, with ſhowꝛs and windpuf is haunted.
Thee ſno whit his ſhoulders doth cloath, fluds mighty be rowling
From the chyn oldlye rfuel'd, his beard with froſt hoare is
Firſt on this mounteyn thee winged Mercurie lighted: (hardned.
From thence too the waters his courſe hee bended al headlong.
Muche like a bird neſtled neere ſhoars oꝛ deſolat hilrocks:
Not to the ſky mainely, but neere ſea meanelye ſhe flickreth.
So with a meane paſſadge twixt ſky and ſea Mercurye ſlideth
To *Liby* coaſt ſandy; thee ſharp winds ſpeedilye ſhauing,
Mercurye the Cyllen, bye the mount *Cyllene* begotten.
On *Liby* land tenements with winged feete when he lighted,
Hee ſpyed Æneas new caſtels thiſktilye founding,
And howſrowms altring: hee woare then a goꝛgeus hanger
With iaſpar yellow: he ſhyn'd with mantel ypurpled,
From ſhoulders trayling: this bꝛaue roabe Dido, ꝑ ritch Queene,
Soalye with her handwurck did weaue: with gould wyꝛe it hea-
Mercurye thus greets him: Now ſyꝛ, you wholy be careful (ping.
Too found new *Carthage*, with youre bꝛaue bedfelo ſotted
You build a cittye, youre owne ſtate ſlilye regarding.
Now to the God ſent mee from ſhining bꝛightned *Olympus*,
The God of al the godheads, managing heu'ne and places earthly,
Hee gaue commaund'ment, too thee too carrye this erraund.
What doe ye foꝛge? wherefoꝛe thus vainely in land *Libye* mitche
Too feats ful valiant if that no gloꝛye doth egge the, (you
Oꝛ toe the thee catching of fame ſoo wooꝛthye be toylſoom,
Caſt care on Aſcanius riſing, of the heyꝛs of Iülus.
T'whom the ſtat Italian with Roman cittie belongeth.
When this round meſſage thee Cyllen Mercurie whiſper'd,
In myd of his parling from gazing moꝛtal he ſhꝛincketh:
From lookers eyeſight too thinnes he vaniſhed ayꝛye.
But the duke Æneas with ſight ſo geaſon agaſted,
His buſh ſtarcke ſtaring with feare, cleene ſpeechles abided.
Hee to fle ſoare longeth, this ſweet ſoyl ſtreight to relinquiſh,

By Gods imperial monishing auctoritie warned.
Heere but alas he myred what course may be warily taken;
How shal he too Princesse, with looues hoat phrensie reteyned,
Breake this cold messadge? what woords shal shape the beginning.
From thee poast to piler with thought his rackt wit he tosseth.
Now to this od stratagem, now too that counseyl alying.
After long mooting, this course for better he deemed.
Mnesteus hee called, Sergest and manlye Cloanthus,
For to rig in secret their ships, and coompanye summon,
With weapons ready: Thee cause also of changabil hastning
Deepelye to dissemble: when eke opportunitie serued,
Whil'st no breche of freendship thee good ladye Dido remembers,
And due place of speaking sweetly with season is offred,
They would their passadge close steale. Thee knightes agreed,
With wil moste forward, to haste on too iournye resolued.
Howbeit the Princesse (what wyle can iuggle a loouer?)
Found owt this cogging: in thought what first she reuolued
That toe doe they minded: things standing saulflye she feareth.
Fame, the blab vnciuil, fosters her phansie reciting.
That the fleete is strongly furnisht, their passage apoincted.
Deuoyd of al counsayle scolding through cittie she ploddeth.
Mutch like Dame Thyas with great sollemnitie sturred
Of Bacchus third yeers feasting, when quaftide aproacheth,
And showts in nighttime doo ringe in loftye *Cithæron*.
At last she Æneas thus, not prouoked, asaulteth.
And though'st thou, faithlesse coystrel, so smoothlye to shaddow
Thy packing practise, from my soyle priuilye slincking?
Shal not my liking, ne yet earst faith plighted in handclaspe,
Nor Didoes burial from this crosse iournye withold the?
Further; in a winters sowre storme must nauie be launched?
Mind'st thow with northren bluster thee mayne sea to trauerse
Thow cruel hart haggard? what? if hence too countrye the passage
Thow took'st not stranged: suppose *Troy* cittie remained: (king?
Through the sea fierce swelling would'st thow to *Troy* cittie be pac-
Shun'st thou my presence? By theese tear's, & by thy righthand
(Since that I, poore caytiefe, nought els to my self doe relinquish
By the knot of wedlock, by looues sollemnitie sealed,
If that I deserued too fore soom kindnes, or annye
Part of my person to the whillon pleasur afoorded

To

To my state empayring let yeet soom mercye be tender'd.
I doe craue (if to prayers as yeet soom nouke be reserued)
Beat downe thy purpose, thy mind from iournye reclayming.
For thy sake in Lybical regions and in *Nemod* hateful
I liue: my Tyrian subiectes pursue me with anger.
For thy sake I stayned whilom my chastitie spotlesse:
And honor old batterd, to the sky with glorie me lifting.
And now, guest, wheather doe ye skud from deaths fit of hostace?
That terme must I borowe, sith I dare not cal the myne husband.
Why do I breath longer? shal I liue til cittie my broother
Pigmalion ransack? or too time I be prisoner holden
By thee Getul lärb? if yeet soom progenie from me
Had crawl'd, by the fatherd, if a cockney dandiprat hopthumb,
Prettye lad Æneas, in my court, wantoned, ere thow
Took'st this filthye fleing, that thee with phisnomye lyk'ned,
I ne then had reck'ned my self for desolat owtcaste.
Shee sayd: he persisting too doo what Iuppiter heasted,
Sturd not an eye, graueling in his hart his sorroful anguish.
At length thus briefly did he parle: I may not, I wil not
Deny thy benefits ful as amply, as can be recounted,
Unto me deliu'red: so long shal I Dido remember,
Whil'st I my self mind shal: whil'st lyms with spirit ar orderd.
Briefye for a weighty matter few woords I wil vtter.
Neauer I foreminded (let not mee falsly be threpped)
For toe slip in secret by slight: ne yet eauer I thralled
My self too wedlock: I to no such chapmenhed harckned.
If to my mind priuat my fatal fortun agreed,
If so that al sorrows iump with my phansie were eended,
Then should bee chiefly by me Troian cittie redressed,
And kinreds rellicques woorshipt: then should be renewed
Thee court of Priamus: yea though that victorie razed
Theese monuments, yet againe by mee they should be repaired.
But now to Italian kingdooms vs sendeth Apollo,
And vs to Italian regions set destinie warneth.
Theare rests our liking: there eke our wisht country remaineth.
If ye be delighted, too see new *Carthage* vp hoon'ring,
And a Moore in Morish cittie your phansie ye settle:
Why so may not Troians their course to good *Italie* coompasse?
What reason embars theim, soom forrein countrie to serret?

Of father Anchises thee goast and grislye reſemblaunce,
When the day booth vanniſh, whē lights eke ſtarrie be twinckling,
In ſleepe mee moniſheth, with viſadge buggiſh he feareth.
And my ſun Aſcanius mee pricks by me rightly beloued:
Whom from the Italian regions toe toe long I doe linger.
Lately to mee poſted from Ioue thee truch ſpirit, or herrald
Of Gods (thee deityes this ſooth too witnes I ſummon)
Hee did, in expreſſed commaund, to me meſſage his erraund.
I ſaw moſt liuely, when that neere towne wal he lighted;
In this eare hee towted thee ſpeech. Ceaſe therefor, I pray you,
Wee to teare, and alſo your ſelf, with dirye reherſals.
Italye not willing I ſeeke.

Whilſt he thus in pleading did dwel, ſhee furlye beheeld him:
Heere ſhe doth her viſadge, thear ſkew, eeche member in inchmeale
In long mummye ſilence limming: then ſhrewdly ſhe ſcoldeth.
No Godes is thye parent, nor th'art of Dardanus offſpring,
Thou periurde faytoure: but amydſt rocks, Caucaſus haggiſh
Bred the, with a tigers ſoure milck vnſeaſoned, vdder'd.
What ſhal I diſſemble? what poincts more weightye reſerue I?
At my tears ſhowring did he ſigh? did he winck with his eyelyd?
Ons did he weepe vāquiſht? did he yeeld ons mercie toe loouemate?
What ſhal I firſt vtter? wil not graund Iuno with haſtning,
Nor thee father Saturne with his eyes bent rightly behold this?
Faith quite is exiled: fro the ſhoare late a runnagat hedgebrat,
A tarbreeche quyſtroune dyd I take, with phrenſie betraſhed
I placed in kingdoom, both ſhips and coompanye gracing.
Woe to me thus ſtamping, ſutch braynſick foolerye belching.
Marck the ſpeake, I pray you, wel coutht: Now ſothtel Apollo,
Now Lycian forturns, from very Iuppiter heu'nlye
A menacing meſſage, by the Gods ambaſſador, vttred.
Forſooth; this thye viadge with care Saincts celical heapeth,
Their brayns vnquieted with this baldare be buzzing.
I ſtay not thy body, ne on baw baw tromperye deſcant.
Pack toe ſoyl Italian: croſſe thee ſeas: fiſh for a kingdoom.
Verily, in hoape reſt I (if Gods may take duelye reuengment)
With gagd rocks coompaſt, then vaynely, Dido. reciting,
Thou ſhalt bee punniſht. Ile with fire ſwartiſh hop after.
When death hath vntwined my ſoule from carcas his holding,
I wil, as hobgobling, foloe thee: thou ſhalt be ſoare handled:

I

I shal heare, I doubt not, thy pangs in lymbo related.
Her talck in the mydel, with this last parlye, she throtled.
And from his sight parted, with torrours queazye disorderd.
Hym shee left daunted with feare, woords duetiful hamring
For to reply. The lady sowning mayds carrye to smooth bed
Of marble glittring, on beers her softlye reposing.
But the good Æneas (although that he coueted hart'lye,
For to swage her malady, with woords to qualifie sorrows)
In groans deepe scalding, his kindmynd sindged in hoatlooue,
Yeet the wyl of the Godheads soloing, too nauie returneth.
Thee Troian mariners now drudge: theire fleet they doe launch
And vessels, calcked with roasen smearye, be floating. (foorthe
Up they trus oars boughed with plancks vnfinnished, hastning
From thence their passadge.
Now to the strond may ye see from towne thee multitude hopping
Much lyk when pismers their corne in granar ar hurding,
Careful of a winter nipping, in barns they be piling.
Thee blackgard marching dooth wurck, in path way, their harueft,
Parte of theese laborers on shoulders carrie the burdens
Of shocks: soom grangers with goade iades restye be pricking,
And spur on ants luskish, with swinck eeche corner aboundeth.
But to the, poore Dido, this sight so skearye beholding,
What feeling creepeth: what sobbing sorroful hert sigh
In thy corps hizzed, when from towre, loftilye mounted,
Thow saw'st thee banckslides coouerd, and right to thyne eyesight
Thow saw'st seas ringing with cheering clamorus hoyssayle:
Scuruye loone, in pacients what moods thow mightilye forcest.
Now she is constrayned, too former tears to be turning.
With suit freshlye praying, too loone shee tendereth hommage.
No meane vnattempted, ne vnsought, ear that she dye, leauing.
Sister An, in cluster you see thee coompanye swarming
On the shoare in flockmeale: for wind their sayles ar hoysted.
On sterne thee mariners haue setled merrilye garlands.
If that I foremynded this griefe so mischeuus hapned,
Then should I sister, moderat this sorroful hazard.
Yeet good An, I pray thee, do me wretch this pleasure in one thing.
For the chiefe of woomen this breakevow naughtye regarded,
Chiefly to the hee woonted to recount his priuitye secret.
His daps and sweetening good moods to the soalye were op'ned.

Post to him (good sister) to mye proud foa tel ye this errand.
I did not ransack, with Greeks conspiracye *Troy* towne.
Nor yet against Troians send I anny vessel apointed.
Nor father Anchises boans cruht I, ne scattred his ashes.
What reason him leadeth to my suite too boombas his hearing?
Wheather is hee flitting? To his leefe pheere graunt he this one
Too stay for a better passadge, for a prosperus hufgale. (boone,
I clayme no old wedlock, that he fowly and fallye betrayed.
Nor that he thee regiment doo loose of his *Italye* kingdooms.
I craue a vaine respit, but a spirt to mye phrensie relenting,
Til my fate hath schoold mee too mourne my destenie drowping.
Theese I craue in pardon for last (yeeld mercye to sister)
Which when you tender, to mye death that shal be requighted.
In this wise she prayed: suth tears her sister vnhappie
Dooth to and fro carry: but he with no teare drop is altred:
Nor to vaine entreatings with listning tractable harckneth.
Thee fat's are pugnant, God, his ears quight stifned in hardnesse.
Much like as in forrest a long set dottrel, or oaktree,
With northren blusters too parts contrarie retossed: (borne,
Thee winds scold strugling, the threshing thick crush crash is owt
Thee boughs frap whurring, when stem with blastbob is hacked:
Yeet the tre stands sturdy: for as it to the sky typ is haunced,
So far is it crampond with roote deepe dibled at helgat's:
So this courragious gallant with clustered erraunds
Is cloyed and stinging sharp car's in brest doe lie thrilling.
His mynd vnuariant doth stand, tears vainelye doe gutter.
Dido the poore Princesse gauld with such destenie cutting,
Crau's mortal passadge; too looke to the sky she repineth.
And to put her purpose forward, this light to relinquish,
When she the gift sacrifice with the incense burned on altars
(Grislye to bee spoaken) thee moysture swartlye was altred:
And the wine, in powring, like bloud black sootish apeered.
This too no creature, no, not to her sister is op'ned.
Further eke in the palaice a chapel fayre marbil abydeth,
Vowd to her first husband, which cel shee woorshiped highlye,
With whit lillye fleses, with garland greenish adorned:
Heere to her ful seeming she did heare thee clamor of elfish
Goast of her old husband, her foorth to his coompanye wafting,
When *y* earth with thee shaads of night was darckly bemuffled.

At

Also on thee turrets the skrich owle, like fetchlieke yletled,
Her burial roundel dooth ruck, and cruncketh in howling.
Sundrye such od prophecies, many such prognosticat omens,
In foretyme coyned, their threatnings terrible vtterd.
Yea cruel Æneas in dreame to her seemeth apeering,
Her furious chasing: her self left also, she deemed,
Post aloan, and soaly from woonted coompanie singled,
Too trauayl a iourney to to long, and that she returneth,
Too seeke her owne Tyrians, through cragged passages vncooth.
Much lyke when Pentheus thee troups sel of hellish assemblye,
And two soons shining, and two *Thebs* vainely beholdeth.
Or like as, in skaffold theaters, is touzed Orestes
From his dame gastly fleeing, with flam's and poisoned adders:
Or blacke scaalde serpents, and when that in entrye be setled
Sour feends grimlye gnashing, ramping with grisly reuengment.
When she thus in raging dyd swel: when plunged in anguish,
For to dye shee minded, the mean and thee season apoincted,
Theese forged speeches to her sister sorroful vttring,
Shee shrowds her purpose, false hoape with phisnomye feigning.
Sister, an od by knack haue I found (now rest ye triumphaunt)
Either this gadling shal swiftly to mee be returned,
Or fro this hoat looue fits I shal bee shortlye retrayted.
Where the sun is woonted too set, neere the Ocean eending,
Thee last poinct fartheſt of dwellers *AEthiop*: Atlas
Wighty in this region bolsters thee starred *Olympus*.
From thence came a mayd priest, in soyle *Massyla* begotten,
Sexten of *Hesperides* Sinagog, this sorceres vsed,
For too cram the dragon: she, on trees, slips consecrat heeded.
Hoonnie liquid sprinckling and breede-sleepe wild popie strawing.
For to fre minds, snared with looue, this *Margerye* voucheth,
Whom she wil, and oothers with loouetraps strongly to fetter.
Also to stay the riuers, and back globs starrie returning.
In night too cooniure spirits: theare shal ye se (sister)
Thee ground right vnder too groane, trees bigge to fal headlong.
Thee Gods too witnesse, so thee, deare sister, I lykewise
Cal, bye thye sweet pallet, me this hard extremitie forceth
For to put in practise magical feats, sorcerie charming.
Wherefor in al secret let logs of timber, in inner
Court, with speede, be reked, the sky with loftines hitting.

Alſo ſe, that thither you bring thee martial armoure,
That the peaſaunt left heere, with al his miſfortuned enſigns.
Theare bed muſt be placed, thee wedlock bed, wher I, poore wretch,
Al my bane haue purchaſte: theeſe rit's thee Cooniures aſketh,
Too burne al monuments of this curſtd villenus hoap-loaſt.
This ſayd, ſtreight a ſilence ſhee keep's: her phiſnomye paleth.
And yet An had nothing deemed, that Dido, the ſiſter,
Preparde theeſe burials to her ſelf, ſhe no ſuch furye caſteth.
Or that wooꝛſe miſchief might bee to her ſiſter aproching,
Then when ſhee mourned the death of ſpouſe ſoarye Sichœus.
Theareforꝛ her encheaſon ſhee purueys.
But the Queene, as timber was brought, and piled in oꝛder,
And holme logs cleaued with creſſets mounted ar added:
With twiſted garland and leau's, ſpred greenlye, ſhe garniſht
Thee place of her burial: there his armours all ſhe repoſed.
On the bed his picture ſhee ſet, ful playnely bethincking.
What would bee the ſequel. There about ſtand conſecrat altars:
With which eke embayed, the ſhe prieſt, vntreſſed in heare locks,
Hundreds of the Godheds thriſe tolde al giddylye calleth:
Shee crieth on the *Erebus* darckneſſe and on *Chaös*, hoch poch.
And the tripil dam Hecatee, with three faced angrie Diäna,
Shee pours eeke the liquours vntruely of founten *Auernus*.
Alſo by thee moone ſhine yoong buds, ſcant ſpirted abooue ground,
Are ſought too be looped with a braſſie ſieth: alſo the poyſon
Cole black commixed with mylck: enquyꝛye was eke made,
Foꝛ to ſnip, in the foaling, from front of fillye the knapknob
That the mare al greedy booth ſnap.
Her ſelf with preſents ſtanding neere the halloed altars,
Naked in her oane foote, with frock vnlaced aparrayl'd;
Calleth at her parting on Gods: and deſtinie witting
Thee ſtars: too the Godhead, with meeke ſubmiſſion, hartlye
Shee prayeth: if daitee with no loare rightlye regardeth
Thee ſlip of al faythleſſe break-leages, that vnequalye looued.
Neere toe dead of midnight it drew, when mẽber of eeche thing
Quick, and foꝛe laboꝛed was, with ſweet ſlumber atached.
Thee woods are noyſeleſſe, thee ſeas late ſtoꝛmye be calmed.
Thee ſtars from the ſky top with glyding ſlippꝛye be ſhooting:
Thee fields and the catel bee inum: moſt queintlye bedecked
Fayꝛe fowls, cloſe lurcking in lak's, oꝛ ſhowded in hard bed

Of thorny thickets, through rural countrye be napping,
In the silent nightime, from thought their day-toyl annoying.
But the poore vnresting Dido could catch no such happye
Season, too be quiet, she sleeples is onlye remayning.
Now routs of carcking troubles, with sighs, be resorting:
Soomtyme fits tickling of her old loove in hertroote aritching.
Then fresh on a suddeyn shee frets, and warpeth in anger.
And bayted in tugging skirmish then thus she bethought her,
What shal I do therfore? shal I now, like a castaway milckmadge,
On mye woers formoure bee fawning? Too Nemod empyour
Now shal I meeke be suing, oft by mee coylye refused?
Therefor I must swiftly too Troian nauye be trudging,
Theare me toe bynd prentise, their wil, lik a gally slaue, heeding.
And reason I trauailed too them, that, by me so shielded,
My formour beneficts defrayde so kindly requited.
Wel, wel: graunt I trauail'd, who would mee suffer? or of theim
What man, in his vessel, prowd borne, would carrie me scorned?
And alas, ô selly woomman: yeet must ye be lesson'd
Thee freaks, thee fickle promise, thee periurie Troian?
What then? with my fleeing shal I track their nauie triumphing?
Or shal I pursu theym with strong and furnished armye?
And my pepil subiect, that I brought from *Sidon* in hazard
Of liefe, too the seaward with danger shal they be pressed?
Nay, nay, thye self slaughter: thy bad life vnhappie death acketh.
Thou, thou, deere sister, with my teares woomanish anguisht,
With my phrensie moued, to my foa dydst cast me full open.
Might not I my lief time, lust fleshly and sinful auoyding,
Spend lyk an vnreasoned wild beaste, and such care abandon?
I kept no promise to the boans of godlye Sichæus.
Such playntes and quarrels in burnt breast strongly she crushed.
Now the good Æneas embarckt in vessel of hudgnesse,
Certen of his passage did sleepe: things duly wel ord'red.
Then toe the same captaine valiant, in slumber apeered.
Thee selfe same visadge, that face, that philnompe bearing
In colour, in speaking, thee selfe same Mercurye likning,
Forseene in his goulden fine locks, and youthly resemblaunce.
Thus thee wight sleeping with a newcoom message he greeteth.
Thou sin of heu'nlye Goddes, dar'st thou too slumber in hazards?
See ye not, O madman, what dangers sundrie betide you?

Heere

Heare ye not, in listning, thee westerne foztunat huffling?
Shee coyn's curso dangers, and mischiefs forgeth on annyl.
Too dye she stands resolut: shee stormeth swelired in anger.
Wil ye not haste swiftly, whilst leasur is offred of hasning?
Perdye ye shal shortly perceaue, thee seas to be coouered,
With boats, and flaming fire worcks to bee flasshed of eeche side
Thee shoars, if dawning in this fel countrye shal hold you.
On loe, cut of loytring, a wind fane changabil huf puffe
Always is a woomman. Thus sayd, through nightfog he vanniſht.
Then the duke Æneas, with shaddow sudden agryſed,
Vp starts from sluggish sleeping, and coompanie waketh.
Vp men arise swiftly: to thee tacklings speedily stick yee:
Hoyse sayls with posting: for a God from celical heu'nseats
Sent, to fle commaunds vs; likewise to cut hastlye the cabels.
Loe yet againe spurs hee. We rely to thine hautie beheſtings
Who th'art, mightie Godhead; thus againe to thy wil we be for-
Sēd thy pliaūt seruaūts thy good aid, let stars of *Olympus* (ward.
Lucky assist the vladge: thus he sayd: then naked his edgd swozd
Brandisht from the scabard hee drew: thee cabil he swappeth.
Al they the like poste haste did make, with scarbozo scrabbling.
From the shoare out saile they: thee sea with great fleet is hooued'd.
Flouds they rake vp spuming, with keele froth fomie they furrow.
Thee next day foloing lustring *Aurora* lay shymring,
Her saffron'd mattresse leauing to her bedfelo Tithon.
Thee Queene, when the daylight his shining brightnes afurded,
Peeps from loftie beacons, and sayling naue beholdeth.
Thee strands and the hauens of vessels emptie she marcketh.
Thrise, nay she foure seasons on faire brest mightily bouncing,
And her heare out rooting yellow: God Iuppiter, oh lord:
Quod she, shal he escape thus? shal a stranger giue me the slampam?
With such departure my regal seignorie frumping?
Shal not al our subiects pursu with clamorus hu crie?
With my fleete boat foloing shal not their naue be burned?
On men; alarme; firebrands se ye take; sails hoise; row ye swiftly:
What chat I foole? What place me doth hold? What phrensie me
ô forlorne Dido, now now wrawd destiny grubs the. witcheth?
This spite should be plied, when thou thy auctoritie yeeldedst.
Marck the faith and kindnesse, that he shews, who is soothly repor-
Tos carry his rellicques and countrey domestical houle gods, (tes,

And

And to clap on shoulders his bedred grauepoyzer old sire. (meale
Could not I with my power both haue backt and minced eke inch-
Thee coystrels carcasse, next in the sea deepely to drench it:
Could not I then murther, with swoyd, his coompanie straggling?
Yea the lad Ascanius wel I might haue slaughtered, after
At tabil of the father too set thee chield to be maunged.
Thee chaunce in battaile, ye wil hold, is doubtful: I graunt it.
What man had I feared, to dye prest? I had flamed of eechesde
Theare tents and nauy, thee child, and thee father eending.
Yea the rate extirping: my self had I wallowed on theim.
ô sun in heu'ne hye beaming, who behold'st ful woyckes al earthly:
Of theese dyiry dolours eke thou Queene Iuno the searchresse,
And Godes hautie Hecatee, that dooest wights terrifie nightly
In pathways traueling, ye bug hags fierce set to reuengments,
You Gods al mustring to the eende of wretched Elisa,
Eare this; I doe craue you: foy sin's due toyture amoouing.
Listen too my prayers. If this false traytoy in hauen
Of foyce must be placed, to the land if destinie sling him,
If fates of the Godheds so wil: their wil be don hardly.
Yet let thee rascal with sold'ours doughtie be lugged,
Spoyled of his weapons, wandying like a bannished outlaw:
Haalde from the embyacing of his only beloued Iulus:
And to beg his succour: too see thee funeral eendings
Wretched of his kinred: likewise when he shal be relying
Too streict condicions of peace, to vnlawful agreement:
In wisht Princely quiet let not thee cullion harbour:
But before his fixed death time let his eende be cut hastly,
In nauel of quicksands his coyps vntumbed abiding.
Theese poincts humbly craue I, with blood this last wil I stablish.
And you my Tyrian subiects, this linnage heere after
Pursue with hate bitter, this gift se ye graunt to mine ashes.
Let no loone oy liking, no faith noy leage be betweene you,
Let there one od captaine from my boans rustie be springing,
With fire eke and weapons thee caytiefs Troian auenging:
Now, then, at eech season, what so eare strength mighty shal happen,
Let shoare bee too shoars, let seas contrary to seas stand,
And to armours, armours I do pray, let progenie bicker.
Shee saide; eke her verte mind stee tost and tumbled in eeche side,
From thee light vnsauerie to flit, with greedines, asking.

Shee

Shee speaks too Barsen thee nurse of seally Sichœus
(For thē her owne milckdame in birth soil was breathles abiding)
Good nurse take the trauaile, too bring my sister An hither.
With the waters streaming let her hoale corps hastly be clensed.
Thee beasts bring she with her, with theim thee forenoted offrings.
Thus let her hast hither: let thy pate godly be coouer'd.
Too the God infernal what rits by mee be readie, foorthwith
For to ende I purpose, my troubles wholy to finnish:
And to put in firebrands this Troian pedlerie trush trash.
This said: shee trots on snayling, like a tooth shaken old hagge.
But Dido affrighted, stift also in her obstinat onset,
Her bluddie eyes wheeling, her lyers with swart spot ydusked,
And eke al her visage waning with murther aproching,
Too the inner quadrant runneth, then madly she scaleth
Thee top of her banefiers, his swoord shee grappleth in handling;
I say the swoord brandisht, to such a wild part not apointed.
When she the weeds Troian did marck, and sport-breder old bed
In tears salt blubbring, in musing stiddie remaining,
Shee fel on her mattresse: theese woords for a farewel awarding.
O my sweet old leauings, whil'st mee good destinie suffred,
And God of his goodnesse you mee too pleasure alowed,
Take ye my faint spirit, mee from theese troubles abandon,
I liu'de and the trauail, graunted by fortun, I traced:
Also my goast shortly too pits of limbo shal hobble.
A citty I founded stately, thee wals did I see rais'd.
And the death of my husband on freendleesse brootther I venged.
Blessed had I rested, yee thrise most blessed, if only
In theese my regions no Troian vessel had anchor'd.
Thus she said, and thrusting in couche her philnomy cheereleese,
But shal I dy sheepe-like, not taking kindly reuengment?
Yea I wil dy, quod she, what? so? yea, so wil I pack hence.
Let the cruel Troian, this flame from maine sea beholding,
His panch now satiat, with this my destiny fatal.
Thus she said; and falling on blade with desperat offer,
Her damsels view'd her: thee swoord al bluddie begoared,
And hands out spreadding they beheeld; thee rais'd cry doth eccho
In the palaice: Rumor thee death through cittie doth vtter.
With sighs, with yelling, with skrich, with woommanish howling
Thee rafters rattle: with shouts thee perst skie reboundeth.

With

With no les hudge bawling, than if al *Carthago* were enter'd
By the enimy riffling, with flaming flasshie to scorch al
Thee rooks of tenements, of Gods thee consecrat howses.
Foorth runs her sister, theese news vnfortunat hearing,
With nailes her viladge skratching and mightily rapping
Her brest with thumping frap knocks, through rout she doth enter,
And the dying sister, with roaring, lowdly she named.
Was this, deere sister, your drift? therefore ye beguil'd me?
And for theese bancquets made I fiers, and haloed altars?
What shal I first mourne now, poore caytife, desolat outwaile?
In this your parting your sisters coompanie skorn'd you?
Had ye to that blood shot mee bid: wee both with one edgtoole,
And eke in one moment, our passadge fatal had ended.
This labor endur'd I to this ende? wast therefor I called
On Gods, from thy dying sharp pangs to be wretch cruel absent.
The and my self haue I quight forlorne, thee nation hautie
Of *Sidon*, thy woorthie pepil, thy towne braue I batter'd.
Speedily bring me water, thee greene wound swiftly to sowple,
And if in her carcasse soom wind yeet softly be breathing,
With lip I wil nurse it: thus said shee clim'd to the woodpile,
Claspt in her arms bracing thee painting murtheres haulfquick,
With grunt wide gasping: thee blackned gellieblud, hardning,
Shee skums with napkins, shee would haue lifted her eyebal,
Feeble againe wexing shee droups, thee deadly push irks her.
Thrise she did endeuour, too mount and rest on her elbow.
Thrise to her bed sliding shee quails, with whirlygig eyesight
Up to the skie staring, with belling skrichcry she roareth,
When shee the desired sunbeams with faint eye receaued,
Then Iuno omnipotent long pangs, with mercy beholding,
And this her hard passage: did send, from proopped *Olympus*,
Thee lustring rainebow, from corps thee spirit anoyding,
With rustling coombat buckling, with slaine bodie instling.
For where as her parture no due death, nor destinie caused,
But before her season thee wretch through phrensie was ended,
Her locks gould yellow therefore Proserpina would not
Shaue from her whit pallet, ne her ding to damnable *Orcus*.
Then loe the faire Rainebow saffronlike feathered hoou'ring
With thowsand gay colours, by the sun contrarie reshining,
From the sky downe flickring, on her head most ioyfuly standing,

Thus

Thus sayd: I doo Gods heast, from corps thy spirit I sunder.
Streight, with al her faire locks with right hand speedily snipped:
Foorth with her heat fading, her liefe too windpuf auoyded.

FINIS.

Deo Gratias.

Opus decem dierum.

HERE AFTER ENSVE CERTAINE PSALMES OF DAVID, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, *according to the obseruation of the Latine verses.*

AS the *Latinists* haue diuerse kindes of verses besides the *Heroicall:* so our *English* will easily admit them, although in the one language or other they sowne not al so pleasingly to the eare (by whose balance the rowling of the verse is to be gaged) as the sole *heroical*, or the *heroical* and the *elegiacal* enterlaced one with the other. I haue made proofe of the *Iambical* verse in the translation of the first *Psalme* of *Dauid*, making bolde with the curteous reader, to acquaint him therewith.

THE FIRST PSALME OF DAVID, named in Latin, *Beatus vir*, translated into English Iambical verse.

1 THat wight is happy and gratious,
That tracks no wicked coompanie;
Nor stands in il mens segnorie;
In chaire ne sits of pestilence.

2 But in the ſound law of the Lord
His mind, or heaſt is reſiaunt:
And on the ſayd law meditat's,
With hourlye contemplation.

3 That man reſembleth verilye
The graſſe bye riuer ſituat;
Yeelding abundant plentines
Of fruict, in haruеſt ſeaſoned

4 With heu'nlye ioyce ſtil nourriſhed
His leafe bye no means vanniſheth;
What thing his hart endeuoureth,
Is proſperouſly accompliſhed.

5 Not ſo the ſinful creatures,
Not ſo their acts are proſperous;
But like the ſand, or chaffye duſt,
That wynddye puffs fro ground doe blow.

6 Therefor in houre iudicial,
The vngodlye ſhal vnhaunſt remaine;
And ſhal be from the coompanye
Of holye men quite ſundered.

7 Becauſe the Lord preciſelye knows
The godlye path of ghoſtlye men;
The fleſhlye trace of filthye deeds
Shal then be cleene extinguiſhed.

TO my ſeeming (wheather I am caried to that conceit by the vnacquainted noueltye, or the meigerneſſe of this kinde of verſe) the *Iambical* quantitie reliſheth ſomewhat vnſauorly in our language, being in truth not al togeather of the toothſomeſt in the *Latine*. The *Hexametre* entermingled with the *Pentametre* doth carrye a good grace in the *Engliſh*, as alſo among the *Latins*: in which kinde I haue endeuoured the tranſlation of the ſeconde *Pſalme*.

THE SECOND PSALME, *QVARE fremuerunt gentes*, translated into English Heroical and Elegiacal verse.

1 WIth franticque madneſſe why frets thee multitud heathen?
And to vayn attemptings what furye ſturs the pepil?
2 Al thee worldlye Regents, in cluſtred coompanye crowded,
For toe tread and trample Chriſt with his holye godhead.
3 Breake we their hard fetters, wee that be in Chriſtiã houſhold,
Alſo from oure perſons pluck we their vnye yokes.
4 Hee ſkorns their woorcking, that dwels in bleſſed *Olympus*:
And at their brainſick trumperie follye flireth.
5 Then ſhall he ſpeake too thoſe in his hard implacabil anger,
And ſhal turmoyle them, then, with his heauye furye.
6 I raigne and doe gouerne, as king, by the Lord his apoinctmẽt,
Of mount holy *Sion* his wil eke heu'nly preaching.
7 Thee father hath ſpoaken: thow art my deerely begotten:
This day thy perſon for my great iſſue breeding.
8 Too mee frame thy praiers, eke of ethnicks the heyre wil I make (the,
Alſo toe thy feiſin wyde places earthlye giue I.
9 With the rod hard ſteeled thow ſhalt their villenye trample;
Like potters pypkin naughtye men eaſlye breaking.
10 You that ar earthlye Regents, Iudges terreſtrial harcken,
With the loare of vertu warilye too be ſcholed.
11 Too God your ſeruice with feareful duitye betake yee;
With trembling gladneſſe yeeld to that highnes honor.
12 Lerne wel your leſſons, leaſt that God ruffle in anger,
And fro the right ſtragling, with furye ſnatcht ye periſh.
13 When with ſwift poſting his dangerus anger aproacheth,
They ſhal bee bleſſed which in his help be placed.

IN the ſecond verſe I tranſlate, *Chriſt with his heauẽly godhead*, and yet the *Latine* runneth, *aduerſus dominum & aduerſus Chriſtum eius*. Wherein I offer no violence to the mind and meaning of the *Prophet*. For his drift in this *Pſalme* tendeth to the reclayming of earthlye *Potentats* from the vaine enterprice they take in hande, in the ſuppreſsing

preſsing of *Chriſt* his kingdoom: which by two meanes hath bene attempted. The one when our *Sauiour* was here in the earth, whom the *Iewes* and *Gentiles* crucified: the other after his *Aſcention*, when his *elect* were and now are daylye perſecuted by the *miſcreaunts*, which perſecution *Chriſt* doth accompt his *owne*, as when he challenged *Saul*, he demaunded why he did perſecute him: accompting the *perſecution* of his *members* to be his *owne*. And to the like purpoſe the *Apoſtles* apply this *Pſalme* in the 4. of the *Actes*. Now the *Prophet* vnfoldeth the vanitie of the *Iewes* and *Gentiles* in conſpiring togeather to ſurprice the regiment of *Chriſt*, in that he is *God*, and that he is the *eternal Sonne* of the *father*, to whom al *power* is giuen in *heauen* and *earth*, as wel with iuſtice to cruſhe the reprobate, as with mercye to ſalue the elect. Therefore it ſtandeth with the meaning of the *Prophet*, to aduouch the impugning of *Chriſt*, to be the impugning of *God*, in that he is both *God* and *man*: *God* of the ſubſtance of his *father* begotten before the worlds, and man of the ſubſtance of his *moother* borne in the world. And that the *ſonne* was before al worlds begotten of the *father* is plainly notified in the ſeuenth verſe, where the *father* ſayth to the *ſonne*, this *day I haue begotten thee*: ſignifying, by *this day*, *Eternitie*: in which generation is neither time to come, nor time paſt, nor any changeable ſeaſon, but alwayes the ſelfe ſame immutable *eternitie* to be conſidered. And therefore in the 12. verſe, the *Prophet* layeth downe an exhortation to theſe men of ſtate, not onely not to band againſt *Chriſt*, but alſo to ſubmit themſelues to his loare, as to *God*, who would haue his *ſonne* honored: which verſe I haue tranſlated according to the vulgar edition, *apprehendite diſciplinam*, where with the *Greeke* text, δεχεσθε παιδιας, and alſo the *Chaldye* interpretour agreeth, as *Petrus Galatinus* hath obſerued: yet the *Hebrue Nas ku bar*, or *Naſſecu Bar*, may be to more aduantage of vs *Chriſtians*, and to the confuſion of the *Iewes* otherwiſe tranſlated. *S. Hierom* turneth it, *adore purely*, or *adore the ſonne*, which approueth the deitie of *Chriſt*: *Felix* tranſlateth it, *kiſſe the ſonne*, or *embrace the ſonne*: wherein alſo the prerogatiue of *Chriſt* is manifeſted.

Act. 9. 4.
Act. 4. 25.
Matt. 28. 18.
Athan. in Symb.
Petrus Galat. de arch. Catho. Veri. lib. 3. cap. 6. Hyeron. in Pſ. 2.

fested. For by the *kissing of the sonne* is signified the embracing of his power and doctrin: which hath bene deliuered from the mouth of the *almightye* to his seruauntes by the hands of his *Prophets* and *Apostles*. And therefore the auncient *Talmudistes* expound, in this wise, that of the *Canti.1.* *Canticles*, *Osculetur me osculo oris sui*, let him kisse me with 1. the kisse of his owne mouth: that is, let the *Messias*, who is the sonne of *God*, instruct me with his owne mouth. Let *Exod.4.* not *Moyses* be sent, who is tongue tied, nor *Esaias*, that ac- 10. knowledgeth his lips to be polluted, Nor *Ieremye*, that *Esai.6.* sayd he could not speake, but let the very *sonne* of God, 5. who is the *fathers* wisdom and force come, and with his *Ierem.1.* mouth lesson and instruct me. So that albeit the worde 6. (*Bar*) may empport sometime learning, sometime corne, sometime that which is pure or cleene, yet eftsoones it notifieth a sonne. As *Barptolomeus*, if we respect the *etymologie* of the word, signifieth the *sonne* of *Ptolomeus*, *Barnabas*, the *sonne* of a *Prophet*, as is learnedly expounded by S. *Hieron.* *Hierom* in his *Apologie* against *Ruffinus*. But to returne to *in Apol.* our *English* verses, I haue attempted the translation of the *con.Ruf-* third *Psalme* in the *Asclepiad* kind: which also, in my fan- *fin.cap.* tasie, is not al so pleasaunt in the *English*: but that I refer 5. to the iudgement of the reader.

THE THIRD PSALME, NAMED,

Domine, quid multiplicati sunt, translated into English Asclepiad verse.

1 LOrd, my dirye foes why doe (they) multiplye?
Wee for too ruinat sundrye be coouetous.
2 Him shields not the godhead, sundrye say too mye sonke.
3 Th'art, lord most vigilant, wholye mye succorer,
And in the al mye staying shal be stil harbored:
Th'art my moste valiant victorie glorious.
4 To our lord lowd I cryed: from holye place herd he mee.
5 In graue new buried fast haue I slumbered.
I rose too liefe again through God his hollines.
6 I feare not furious multitud infinit,
With coompasse laboring, my bodye for to catche.

Rise

Riſe Lord omnipotent, help me, mye champion.
7 Lord, thy cleere radiaunt righteus equitie
Hath ſquil'd al mye foes, fallye me ranſaking.
8 Oure Lord participats ſaulftye with happines:
With gifts, heu'nlye Godhead, thy pepil amplye bliſſe.

BVt of al theſe baſe and foote verſes (ſo I terme al ſauluing the *Heroical* and *Elegiacal*) the *Saphick*, to my ſeeming, hath the preheminencye, which kinde I haue aſſayed in the paraphraſtical tranſlation of the fourth *Pſalme*.

THE FOVRTH PSALME, NAMED,

Cum invocarem, paraphraſtically tranſlated into Engliſh Saphick verſe.

1 VVHen that I called, with an humbil owtcrye,
Thee God of Juſtice, meriting mye ſaulftye,
In many dangers mye weake hart vpholding
Swiftlye did heare me.
2 Therefor al freſly, like one oft enured
With thye great goodneſſe yet againe doe craue thee,
Mercye too render, with al ecke to graunt me
Gratius harckning.
3 Wherefore of mankind ye that are begotten,
What ſpace and ſeaſon doe ye catche for hardneſſe,
Vanitie looking, toe toe fondlye ſearching
Trumperye falſhood.
4 Know ye for certain, that our heu'nly rectour
His ſacred darling ſpecialy chooſed:
And the lord therefor, when I pray, wil harcken
Too my requeſting.
5 For ſin expired ſe ye reſt in anger,
And future treſpas, with al haſt, abandon:
When that in ſecret ye be fleſhly tickled,
Run to repentaunce.
6 Righteous incenſe ſacrifice heere after
In God, our guider, your hole hoape repoſing.
Fondly doo diuerſe ſay, what hautie great lord
As doth inhable.
7 Thy ſtar of goodneſſe in vs is reſhining,

Sound reason graunting, with al heu'nlye coomfort:
With these hudge presents to mine hart afoording
Gladnes aboundant.
8 Theare wheat and vineyards, that ar haplye sprouting,
And oyle, in plenty to the store cel hurded,
With pryde, and glory to the stars inhaunceth
Worldlye men huffing.
9 Though that I see not, with a carnal eyslight,
Thee blis and glory, that in heu'n is harbour'd:
Yeet with hoape stand I, to be theare reposed,
And to be resting.
10 By reason that thow, my God heu'nlye, setledst
Mee, thye poore seruaunt, in hoape, and that highlye:
Too be partaker with al heu'nlye dwellers
Of thye blis happye.

A PRAYER TO THE Trinitie.

TRinitee blessed, deitee coequal,
Unitie sacred, God one eeke in essence,
Yeeld to thy seruaunt, pitifullye calling
Merciful hearing.
Vertuus liuing dyd I long relinquish,
Thy wyl and precepts miserablye scorning,
Graunt toe mee, sinful pacient, repenting,
Helthful amendment.
Blessed I iudge him, that in hart is healed:
Cursed I know him, that in helth is harmed:
Thy physick therefore, to me, wretch vnhappye,
Send, mye Redeemer.
Glorye too God, thee father, and his onlye
Soon, the protectoure of vs earthlye sinners,
Thee sacred spirit, laborers refreshing,
Stil be renowmed. Amen.

HERE

HERE AFTER ENSVE certayne Poëtical Conceites.

A deuise made by *Virgil*, or rather by some other vpon a Riuer so harde frozen, that waynes dyd passe ouer it: varied sundrye wayes, for commendacions, as it should seeme, of the *Latin* tongue, and the same varietie doubled in the *English*.

1 *QVa ratis egit iter, iuncto boue, plaustra trahuntur;*
Postquam tristis hyems frigore vinxit aquas.
2 *Sustinet vnda rotam, patulæ modò peruia puppi:*
Vt concreta gelu marmoris instar habet.
3 *Quas modò plaustra premunt vndas, ratis antè secabat:*
Postquam brumali diriguere gelu.
4 *Vnda rotam patitur, celerem nunc passa carinam:*
In glaciem solidam versus vt amnis abit.
5 *Quæ solita est ferre vnda rates, fit peruia plaustris:*
Vt stetit in glaciem marmore versa nouo.
6 *Semita fit plaustro, quà puppis adunca cucurrit:*
Postquam frigoribus bruma coëgit aquas.
7 *Orbita signat iter, modò quà cauus alueus exit:*
Strinxit aquas tenues vt glacialis hyems.
8 *Amnis iter plaustro dat, qui dedit antè carinæ:*
Duruit vt ventis vnda, fit apta rotis.
9 *Plaustra boues ducunt, quà remis acta carina est:*
Postquam diriguit crassus in amne liquor.
10 *Vnda capax ratium plaustris iter algida præbet:*
Frigoribus sæuis vt stetit amnis iners.
11 *Plaustra viam carpunt, quà puppes ire solebant:*
Frigidus vt Boreas obstupefecit aquas.

THE SAME ENGLISHED.

1 VVheare ships sayld, ẏ wagons are now drawn strõgly w̃
For ẏ thee season frostie did hold the water. (oren:
2 Theare the wagon rũneth, wheare whillon vessel hath hulled:
For that thee marbil frostye made hard the riuer. (chour:
3 Theare placed is the wagon, wheare boats road grapled at an-
When that a could winter thee water hastie stayed.

4 Now the car is trayled, wheare barges latelye repayred:
When that cold *Boreas* chillye did hold the riuer. (cing:
5 Where ships haue trauayled, theare now cars sundrye be tra-
When nipping winter thee riuer hardlye stoped.
6 Theare ỳ coch is running, wheare latelye the nauie remayned:
When that the northren frostye gale hemd the riuer.
7 Now the naue hath passage, wheare keele was latelye reposed:
By reason of winters frost, that hath hid the water.
8 Thee water vp ỳ wagons dooth prop, that vessel hath harbourd:
Beecause that the riuer frostines ysye tied.
9 Now the wagon rowleth, wheare lighters hulled in hauen:
When that a frost knitting strongye witheeld the riuer.
10 Wheare the ship earst sayled, the cart his passage on holdeth:
When thee frostye weather thee water hardlye glued.
11 Now the wayn is propped, whear to earst thee gallye resorted:
For that thee winter hoare glue reteynd the water.

SO MANY TIMES IS THE LATIN varied, and veet as manye times more for the honoure of thee English.

1 Theare chariots doe trauayle, wheare late ỳ great argoiye (sayled:
By reason of the riuer knit with a frostye soder.
2 Where the great hulck floated, theare now thee cartwheele
Thee water hard curded w̃ the chil ysye rinet. (is hagling:
3 Where skut's furth lañched, theare now thee great wayn is en-
When the riuer frized by reason of the weather. (tred:
4 Wheare rowed earst mariners, theare now godie carmã abideth,
Thee flud, congealed stiflye, relats the reason.
5 Now the place of sayling is turn'd to a carter his entrye,
This change thee winters chillines hoarye bredeth.
6 Now wayns & chariots are drawne, wheare nauie did harrow:
This new found passadge frostines hoarye shaped.
7 Wheare barcks haue passed, with cart's that parcel is haunted:
From woonted moysture for that ye heeld the water.
8 Wheare stems haue trauersd, there haue oxen traced in headstal:
By reason yse knitting thee water heeld froe flowing.
9 Wheare ỳ flye boat coasted, theare cart wheels clustred ar hob.
This new strange passadge winter his hoarnes habled. (ling
10 Earst

10 Earst ẏ flud, vpbearing thee ship, now ẏ cartwheele vpholdeth.
When water is ioygned firmlye with hoarye weather.
11 Whear ruther steered, thee goad theare poaked hath oxen:
Thee winters coldnesse thee riuer hardlye rocking.

THE DESCRIPTION OF LIPAREN, EXpressed by *Virgil* in the eight booke of his *AEneis*, in which place, the *Poet* played, as it weare, his price, by aduauncing at ful thee loftines of his veyne: done into *English* by the translatour for his last farewel too the sayd *Virgil*.

TW'ard *Sicil* is seated, to the welken loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt *Liparen*, from whence, w̃ flownce furye slinging,
Stoans, and burlye bulets, like tampons, maynelye be towzing.
Under is a kennel, wheare Chymneys fyzye be scozching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of *AEtna*. (uyl.
Theare stroaks strõglye thzeshing, yawl furth groans, stãped on an-
In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparckling;
And flam's fierclye glowing from fornace flasshye be whisking.
Vulcan his hoate forgharth, named eeke thee Vulcian Island.
Downe from the heu'nlye palace trauayled thee firye God hither.
In this caue the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked, ar hamring.
Brotes, and Steropes, with baerlym swartye Pyracmon.
Theese thze were vpbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel onward,
A clapping fierbolt (such as oft, with rownce robel hobble,
Ioue to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finnished holye.
Thzee showzs wzinglye wzythen glimring, and forciblye sowcing;
Thzee watrie clowds shymring toe the craft they rampired hizzing,
Thzee wheru's fierd glystring, w̃ Southwynds rufflered huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terroz agrysing.
With peale meale ramping, w̃ thwick thwack sturdilye thundzing.
Theyze laboz boat they folow: toe the flame fits gyzeful awarding.
And in an od corner, foz Mars they be sternfulye flayling
Hudge spoaks and chariots, by the which thee surlye God angerd,
Hastye men enrageth, too wzath towns bat'ful on eggeth.
And they be fresh forging to the netled Pallas an armoure,
With gould ritchly shzined, wheare scaals be ful hozriblye clincked

Of ſcrawling ſerpents, with ſculcks of poyſoned adders.
In breſt of the Godeſſe Gorgon was cocketed hardlye,
With nodil vnioyncted, by death light vital amooving. (wurck.
Voyd ye fro theeſe flamfews, quoa the God, ſet a part the begun

THE LOVER LONG SOVGHT VNTO BY his freend at laſt repayreth to her preſence: and after a few meetings ſmelling the drift of the mother, which earſt hee did forcaſt, to tend to the preferring of her daughter in marriadge, refrayneth the gentlewomans company, though eftſoones to the contrarie ſollicited, as one vnwilling to marry at al, and very loath to mar ſo curteous a dame: and therefore for the preſeruation of her honoure, and to auoyd the encoumbraunce of *loue*, hee curbeth *affection* with *diſcretion*, and thus deſcanteth on the playne ſong.

VNtoe this hard paſſadge (good God) what phrenſie did hale
From thy quiet ſeruice my ſelf too ſlau'rye betaking. (mee?
Unto the lure ſmoothly, with fayned ſolemnitie, trayned.
Fiue moonths ful ſhe plyed: means made: dreams ſundry related.
If we met in walcking, what ſcarlet blush ſhe reſembled?
Her color oft altreth: with loou's hoat palſie ſhe trembleth.
Back goth hir eye glauncing: a ſigh herd; moods chaungabil vttred.
I litle accoumpted, God knows, thee curteſie proferd.
Stil did I keepe backward, what I find tim's ſundrye forvttring.
For to loue a ſtranger, ſcarce ſeene, what ſound reaſon egs her?
But reaſon in loouepangs who ſeeketh? a wooman eke hateth,
Or loou's extreemely: no meane, no meaſure is extant,
At length woon by prayer to her lodge my paſſage I bended;
Lumps of loone promiſt, nothing perfourmed in earneſt.
Forgerie thee pandar: thee meſſadge mockrie: the moother
Thee knot of al the lying, thee virgin faultles is only.
But ſhal I looue the ladie, ſo as Petrarck Laura regarded?
In paper her dandling? her perſon neauer attaining?
Such ſport fits the Poets, whom rauing phantaſie ſotteth.
I doe wake, I dreame not: no ſuch inckhorne vanitie feeds mee.
Thee bodie, not ſhaddow: no woords, but woorckes I couet.
Marriage is profred: that yoke thee looner abhorreth.
And to mar a virgin, to a freend ſuch curteſie tendring,

Were

Were not a practise honest, nor a preede to be greatly recounted.
Thee rinet of freendship, vertu, such treacherie damneth.
What man of annie reason with villenye vertue requiteth.
Rest the quiet therefore: flee from theese dangerus hard rocks,
Whereto loue oft leadeth, with stormes thee passage is haunted.
Great trauayl in the suing, thee profred curteste skorned.
If she coye, that kendleth thee fondling loouer his onset:
Greedelye wee coouet, that was to vs flatlye refused.
Queynt of a kisse publicque, lewd lust with nicitye masking.
Such woomens negatiues for a yeelding, yea Syr, ar holden.
What doth auayl, minion, this sleight and treacherye cogging.
Cleaue to the sound Castè, flee from thee patcherye Caute.
Then fresh againe prayeth hee, percase thee suitur is eared.
Mel: the woer gayneth the required victorye. What then?
Is the trauayl finnisht? are pleasurs onlye then hoou'ring?
Nay: then thy misery, thine hel eeke theare taketh his entraunce.
Now thye sleepe is scranted, now stinging ielosie fretteth.
Dame Venus and kingdooms can no riualitie suffer.
Her fauor hee gayned with a beck: that burneth in entrayls.
Who deems it wisdoom with glasse to rampyre a Bulwarck?
Men say, that a changing of pasture maketh a fat calfe.
A Calf it maketh; toe the fat let a grasier aunswere.
That wil a way, who can hold? such challeng therefor abandon.
Robbrye toe bee purchase, soom terme eeke leacherye solace.
She kept no promise: that would be a quarrel in earnest.
Now wars proclaymed, peace againe now freshlye renewed.
Now theese suspicions, now that sarmises ar op'ned.
Now beldam Brokresse must be with moonny rewarded.
Ueritie detesting, nought els but vanitie babling.
This gowne your looue mate, that kirtil costly she craueth,
This pearle, that diamond, this massiue garganet asking.
Nought may ye forsake her: that would bee felonie deemed.
Ielosie thee person, thee purse eeke penurie pincheth.
Is this an heu'n, trow you? fro ỳ heu'n Gods mercy withhold mee.
Pleasure is vnpleasaunt that purchaseth heauie repentaunce.
In so much as therefore this great veration haunteth
Al such as are loouers, and wished bootie doe coompasse:
I doe renounce flatly thee fielde, such victorie skorning,
Too my freedoom former my self from slauerie reclaiming.

AN

AN ENDEVOVRED DESCRIPTION of his Mistresse.

NAture in her woorking soomtime dooth pinch like a niggard
Disfiguring creatures, lims with deformitie dusking.
This man is vnioyncted, that swad like a monster abideth;
Shee limps in the going, this slut with a cammoised haucks nose,
And as a cow wasted plods on, with an head like a lutecase.
Theese faultes fond Hodipecks impute too Nature, as if she
Too frame were not habil gems with rare dignitie lustring.
Wherfor in aduis'ment laboring too cancel al old blots,
And to make a patterne of price, thee maistrie to publish:
For to shape a peerelesse paragon shee minded, asembling
Her force and cunning: for a spirt lands sundrie refusing,
And with al her woorckmats trauailing she lighteth in *Holland*,
Roũd too the Hage posting, to the world Marie matchles auaũcing.
In bodie fine fewter'd, a braue Brownnetta; wel handled;
Her stature is coomly; not an inch to superfluus holding,
Gratius in visadge; with a quick eye prettily glauncing;
Her lips like coral rudie, with teeth lillie whit eeu'ned.
Poong in age, in manners and nurture sage she remaineth;
Bashful in her speaking; not rash, but watchful in aunswer;
Her looks, her simpring, her woords with curtesie sweetning;
Kind and also modest, liking with chastitie lincking;
And in al her gestur's obseruing coomly Decorum.
But to what eend labor I, me to presse with burden of *AEtna*:
Thee stars too number, poincts plainely vncounctabil op'ning.
Whust: not a woord: a silence such a task impossibil asketh.
Her vertu meriteth more praise, than parly can vtter.

HIS DEVISE WRITTEN in his mistresses booke.

HAga Hollandorum vario splendore refulget,
Solis in hac lumen sola Maria *tenet.*

THE SAME ENGLISHED.

THee fine Hage excelleth with lusturs sundrie reshining,
Thee Sun hath his brightnesse in Marie soly placed.

THREE

THREE ESPECIAL GIFTES
wherein his *myſtreſſe* excelleth.

THree poincts my myſtreſſe with paſſing dignitye garniſh.
Coomlynes of perſon thee firſt ranck rightlye reteigneth:
Curteſye keeps the ſecond: thee third row Chaſtitye claymeth:
For ſo fayre a Paragon, with boorom deboynar vſadge;
And ſo pure a Virgin, with ſo rare vertue bedecked:
Soundrye may wel wiſh for. Marye muſt be the Principal holden.

OF A CRAKING CVTTER,
extracted out of Syr *Thomas Moore*,
his Latin Epigrams.

LInckt was in wedlock a loftye Thraſonical huf ſnuffe:
In gate al on typſtaues ſtalcking, in phiſnomye daring.
This cutter valiant in warfar ſought his auenture.
Thee whilſt his minion, with carnal wantones itching,
Chooſte for a freēd ſecret no wooꝛſe thā a coūtrye lob heerd ſwaine.
A pray for a paragon: but what? thee knurry knob oake tree,
Though craggy in griping, in ſtrength ſurpaſſeth a ſmooth ſlip.
When Thraſo from bickrings, not bluddie, returned is homeward,
Of this hap aduertiſde, with frantick ielloſye taynted,
Hee ſeeks in thee fields, with ſwift enquirye, the riual.
Stay vagabund raſkal (ſo he ſpake when he ſpide ỹ lob heerd hyne)
Thee clowne ſtout ſtandeth with a leſhe of bulleted hard ſtoans;
Then Thraſo with naked ſlatchet, with thunderus owtcrie
Sayd: thow ſcuruye peaſaunt, my wieke th'haſt, villen, abuſed.
My bed defiled: like a breakloone mak'bat adultrer.
Al this I deny not, quoa the clowne: and what then: I pray thee:
Dooſt thow confeſſe it? Thraſo ſayd: bye the bleſſed aſembliye
Of the heu'nly ſociats, hadſt thow thy knau'rye reneaged,
This mye blade in thy body ſhould bee with ſpeedines hafted.

OF A TEMPEST QVAYLING
certeyn paſſengers borowed of the ſame
Syr *Thomas Moore*.

THeare roſe in ſayling a rough tempeſtuus owtrage,
With watrye plaſh bouncing, thee ribs of giddie ſhip hitting.

Thee

Thee mariners fearing, al hoap eeke of saifty reiecting,
Said: that a bad liuing eke a bad death rightly required.
Al that are in passadge to a munck, father holy, resorted,
Who was eke embarcked, to him their confession op'ning.
Howbeit thee stormie ruffling is no whit abated;
But thee rough billows the ship toe toe terribly charged,
Twish, what woonder is it, quod one of the coompany chaufing,
If that thee vessel with weight most sinful is heauie.
Duck we the munck therefor, that al our faults wholy receaued,
Hastly let him to the seas our sins and villeny carrie.
Al they be contented, thee munck they speedily plunged:
Ceast was thee tempest, if truth bee truely related.
Heereby wee be scholed, what poyse sin ponderus holdeth,
That with an hudge and weightie balas surchargeth a vessel.

HESPERVS HIS CONFESSION
written in Latin by the said Sir Thomas Moore.

HEsperus his faulty liuelood too cal to recounting
Winding, too be shriuen with woont accustomed hastned.
When that he told plainely, what crim's most sinful he practis'd,
Yeet thee goastly father laboring more deepely to ransack
His former liuing; by distinct article asked
Eu'ry sin, and naming by peecemeal curius eche fault,
At length demaunded, wheather, with sorcery blinded,
Erst he beleefe yeelded to the bugs infernal: here aunswer'd
Hesperus: holy father, doe ye thinck me so madly bewitched
Too beleue in the deuils? I tel you truely, to great pain's
Stil I take enduring, in God yet scantly beleeuing.

OF TYNDARVS, THAT FRVMPED
a gentlewoman for hauing a long nose, deliuered by the former author in Latine.

TYndarus attempting to kis a faire lasse with a long nose,
Would needs bee finish, with bitter frumpery taunting.
In vain I doo coouet my lips too linck to thy sweete lips,

Thy

Thy nose, as a stickler, toe toe long vs parteth a sunder.
Heere the maid al bashful, the vnsau'rie sauciues heeding:
With choler oppressed, thus shrewdly to Tyndarus aunswer'd,
Sith my nose owtpeaking, good sir, your liplabor hindreth,
Hardly ye may kisse mee, where no such gnomon apeereth.

SYR THOMAS MOORE HIS receipt for a strong breath translated out of his Latin Epigrams.

FIrst for a strong sauour stincking, a leeke may be taken:
That sent too bannish, thee best is an onion eaten.
And to repeal likwise that sauour, garlik is holsoom.
If that theese simples wil not thee filthod abandon,
A rose, or els nothing that drafty infirmitie cureth.

HERE ENSVE CERtaine Epitaphes framed as vvel in Latin as English.

AN EPITAPH DEVISED VPON THE death of the right honourable *Iames* earle of *Ormond* and *Ossorie*, who deceased at Elie house in Holborne about the yeere 1546. the xviij. of October, and lieth buried in S. *Thomas Acres* Church, extracted out of the third booke of the Historie of Ireland.

COr patriæ fixum viuens, iam redditur illi
Post mortem, patriæ quæ peracerba venit.
Non sine corde valet mortalis viuere quisquam:
Vix tua gens vita permanet absque tua.
Quæ licet infælix extincto corde fruatur,
Attamen optato viuere corde nequit.
Ergo quid hæc faciat? quem te non possit amorem,
Cordi vt tam charo reddere corde velit

This

THis *earle* was a goodlye and perſonable man: ful of honour, which was not only lodgd inwardly in his minde, but alſo hee bare it outwardly in countenaunce. As franck and as liberal as his calling requyred. A deepe and a far reatching head. In a good quarel rather ſtout than ſtubborne, bearing him ſelf with no leſſe courage, when hee reſiſted, than with honourable diſcretion where he yeelded. A fauourer of *peace*, no furtherer of *war*, as one that preferd vnlawfull quietneſſe before vpright troubles being not withſtanding of as great wiſedome in the one, as of valour in the other. An earneſt and zealous vpholder of his countrye, in al attemptes rather reſpecting the publicque weale, than his priuate gayne. Whereby he bound his countrye ſo greatly vnto him, that Ireland might with good cauſe wiſh, that either he had neuer bene borne, or elſe that he had neuer deceaſed, ſo it were lawful, to craue him immortal, that by courſe of nature was framed mortal. And to giue ſufficient proofe of the entire affection he bare his countrye, and of the zealouſe care hee dyd caſt thereon, hee beetooke in his death bed his *ſoule* to *God*, his carcaſſe to *Chriſtian burial*, and his *hart* to his *countrye*, declaring thereby, that where his mynde was ſetled in his life, his hart ſhould bee theare entumbed after his death. Which was according to his wil accompliſht. For his hart was conueighed into *Ireland*, and lyeth engraued in thee chore of the cathedral churche in *Kilkennye*, where his ancetours, for the more parte, are buried. Vpon which kind legacye the aboue wryten *Epitaph* was deuiſed.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD

of the out Iſles of *Scotland*: of whom mention is made in the third booke of the Hiſtorie of Ireland.

VIq; manuque mea patriæ dum redditur exſul,
Exſul in externa cogor & ipſe mori.

THis nobleman aſsiſting the earle of *Lennox* eended his life at *Howth* preſently vpon his arriual, & was with great ſolemnitie buried in S. *Patrick* his church at *Dublin*; *circa Annum Domini* M. D. XLIII.

VPON

VPON THE DEATH OF HIS father, *Iames Stanyhurſt* Eſquyer, who deceaſed at Dublyn Anno 1573. xxvij. of December, ætatis LI.

Vita breuis, mors ſancta fuit (pater optime) viſa:
Vita timenda malis, mors redamanda bonis.
Vrbs eſt orba ſopho; legum rectore tribunal;
Cauſidicoque cliens; atque parente puer.
Plurima proferrem, ſed me prohibere videtur
Pingere vera dolor, fingere falſa pudor.
Non opus eſt falſis, ſed quæ ſunt vera loquenda,
Non mea penna notet, buccina fama ſonet.
Hoc ſcripſiſſe ſatis; talem quandoque parentem
Eſt habuiſſe decus, ſed caruiſſe dolor.
Filius hæc dubitans talem vix comperit vſquam
Vllus in orbe patrem, nullus in vrbe parem.
Mortuus ergo, pater, poteris bene viuus haberi,
Viuis enim mundo nomine, mente deo.

VPON THE DEATH OF HIS father in law *Syr Chriſtofer Barnewal* knight.

LAEta tibi, ſed mœſta tuis mors accidit iſta:
Regna dat alta tibi, damna dat ampla tuis.
Lætus eſt in cœlis vllo ſine fine triumphans,
Mœſtus at in terris diues inopſque iacent,
Nam ſapiente caret diues, qui parta gubernet,
Nec, qui det miſero munera, pauper habet.
Te gener ipſe caret, viduæ, te ruſtica turba,
Atque vrbana cohors te (Socer alme) caret
Non eſt digna viro talis reſpublica tanto,
Nam ſanctos ſedes non niſi ſancta decet.
Mira loquor, ſed vera loquor, non ficta reuoluo,
Si maiora loquar, nil niſi vera loquar.
Mortuus es? nobis hoc crimina noſtra dederunt.
Mortuus es? virtus hoc tibi ſacra dedit.
Viuus es in cœlo, dedit hoc tibi gratia Chriſti,
Viuus vt in mundo ſis, tibi fama dabit.

H. Chriſtopherus

CHriſtophorus Bærnewallus, vir equeſtris ordinis, vetere ac illuſtri familia procreatus, cùm eſſet admodum adoleſcens ad clariſſimam Oxonienſem Academiam à præſtantiſſimis parentibus miſſus, ſummè erat eloquentiæ atque philoſophiæ ſtudioſus. Quæ cùm magno ſtudio curaq; diſceret; Londinum profectus eſt, vbi in hoſpitium Graienſe cooptatus cognitionem Britannici iuris bene laudabilem erat conſecutus. Cùm verò non multùm à tanti operis perfectione abeſſet, optimus & amãtiſſimus eius pater hoc interim ſpacio (anima à corpore ſemota & diſcluſa) hinc demigrauit. Quo audito, Chriſtophorus ſe ſtatim in patriam, cum omnium applauſu, contulit, atque ibi patrimonium ſuum, quod ei iam tum ſatis amplum pater reliquerat, ſumma æquabilitate ac recta conſcientia, ſine vllius offenſione amplificauit. Mira erat vitæ eius integritas; prædicabilis erga deum ſanctitas; admirabilis in patriam pietas. Nulla verò in tota regione erat hoſpitalitas, quæ vix poſſet cum illius hoſpitalitate conferri. Sapientia præditus profectò ſingulari. In vrbe gratia, ruri auctoritate florebat. Vir erat vt corpore, ita valetudine plærunque imbecillior, natura mitiſſimus, in iniurijs ferendis patientiſſimus, in repellendis fortiſſimus, in repub. defendenda acerrimus. Nono Calend. Auguſti ex itinere in febrim incidit, cuius dolore paucis poſt diebus, cũ totius reipub. eiulatu ac lamentatione, conſumtus eſt: annos natus 42. Anno Domini 1575.

VPON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE Genet, daughter to Syr Chriſtofer Bærnewal knight, who deceaſed at Knight his bridge, of Chieldbyrth Anno 1579. Auguſt xxvj. ætatis xix. & lieth enterred at Chelſye.

MOrs tua quanta tuis mœroris vulnera fixit,
Multorum gemitus, me reticente, ſonant.
Nobilis ortus erat, tua clarè vita peracta,
Corpore pulchra ſatis, moribus alma ſacris.
Heu mihi, ſed ſubitò ſublata hæc dona fuerunt,
In teneris annis dum mihi dona dabas.
Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negauit,
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares.
Qualis erat mater (ſola breuitate relicta
Vitæ) ſit talis nata relicta precor.
Quos iunxit mundo, Chriſtus coniungat Olympo,
Vt thorus vnus erat, ſic thronus vnus erit.

VPON

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT honourable and his moſt deare cooſen, the *Lorde Baron of Louth*, who was trayterouſly murthred by *Mackmaughoun*, an Iriſh Lording, about the yeare 1577.

THus loa, thyne haſt (cooſen) bred waſte too cittye, to countrey,
Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villenye mangled.
Not by his manlye valour, but through thy deſperat offer.
As the lieke is laſting too ſutch, as in armes ar heedye,
Eu'n ſo death is poſting too thoſe, that in armor ar headye.
Haulfpenye, far better than on houlkful cluſter of angels,
Although habil, would not fro thye danger deadlye be parted.
Whom lief combyned, death could not ſcatter aſunder.
Sutch is thee faſtneſſe of foſter brootherhod Iriſh.
Though Sydny and Deluyn thee murther partlye reuenged:
A loſſe ſo pretiouſe may not bee fullye requited.
Thee death of a thowſand Maghounds is vnequal amendment.
Thee nobles may not but a death ſo bluddie remember,
The Plunckets wil not from mind ſuch boutcherie banniſh.
Thy Ladie, thy kinred doo miſſe thy freendſhip approoued;
Thee cittie mourneth thee lack of a counſalor holſoom;
And thee countrie moneth thee want of a zealus vpholder;
Uertu eeke lamenteth thee lack of an holye repentaunt.
Howbeit dame Uertu thy goodneſſe kindlye rewardeth,
In memory thin honour, thy ſoul eeke in glorie repoſing.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HOnourable the *Lord Girald fitz Girald L. Baron of Offaly*, who deceaſed at *S. Albans* in the yeare 1580. the laſt of lune, the xxj. yeare of his age.

SOmtime liu'lye Girald in graue now liu'les is harbourd.
A matchleſſe gallant, in birth and auncetrie nobil.
His nobil linnadge Kyldaer with Mountegue warrants.
Proper in his perſon, with gifts ſo him nature adorned.
In valor and in honor wel knowne too no man vnequal.
And a true ſound ſubiect, to his Prince moſt faithful abiding.
Theeſe notwithſtanding his lieke too haſtilye banniſht.
Nipt were thee bloſſooms, eare fruictful ſeaſon approched.

Wherefor his acquaintaunce his death so vntimelye bewaileth.
Maynoth lamenteth, *Kilka*, and *Rathangan* ar howling.
May rather is mated bye this hard hap desolat *Ireland*.
Such claps of batter that seally vnfortunat *Island*.
O that I thy praises could wel decipher in order,
Like Homer or Virgil like Geffray Chaucer in English:
Then would thy Stanyhurst in pen bee liberal holden.
Thee poet is barrayn; for praise rich matter is offred.
Heere percase carpers wil twight this iollitie youthful.
Strong reason vnstrained that weake obiection aunswers.
Hee must bee peerlesse who in young yeers faultles abideth.
Such birds flee seldoom, such black swans scantlye be floating.
In world of mischiefe who finds such glorius angels?
Soom stars passe oothers; al peris doe not equalye luster.
Thee soundest wheatcorne with chaffy filthod is husked.
What shal I say further, this loare diuinitie telleth;
Vertuus he lined, through grace that vertuus eended.
What may be then better, than a godly and gratius vphot?
Too God in al pietee, too Prince in dutie remaining.
Whearefor (worthye Girald) sith thy eend was hartie repentaunce,
Thy soul God gladdeth with saincts in blessed *Olympus*,
Though tumb'd bee carcasse in towne of martyred Alban.

THis noble man, if we respect the gifts that *God* planted in him, was doubtlesse ful of good partes Of disposition kind and louing, easily moued, and as soone appeased, apt to al maner of actiuitie, coueting in each laudable enterprice not onely to be commendable, but also surpasing. In wit quicke and pregnant, and of good forecast, namely as farre as his yeares would beare: yet somwhat wantonly giuen, whereto *Youth*, *Nobilitie* and *lewd companie* did carry him, the *one* spurring, the *other* warranting, the *third* easily trayning a man of deeper iudgement to such fond fantasies, if by *God* his gratious guerden he be not the stronger garded. But a litle before his death he became such a *changling*, as he did not onely purchase the commendation of straungers, but also bred admiration in his freends, who greatly reioyced, to see so penitent and godly an alteration from vice to vertue. In which time finding his conscience deepely gauld with the outragious oathes he vsed to thunder out in gamning, he made a few verses, as it were his *cygnea*

gnea oratio: which, not so much for the meeter, as the matter, I thinke good, to be diuulged *verbatim*, as I found them, after his decease, scribled with his owne hande. And if the *Reader* hap to stumble at the vnderstanding of any *Staffe*, let it be sufficient, that the *Maker* his meaning was good.

A PENITENT SONNET WRITTEN by the *Lord Girald* a litle before his death.

By losse in play men oft forget
Thee duitie they dooe owe,
Too him that did bestow thee same,
And thowsands millions moe.
I loath too see them sweare and stare,
When they the maine haue lost,
Forgetting al thee byes, that weare
With God and holy Ghoast.
By wounds and nayles they thinke too win,
But truely it is not so:
For al their frets and fumes in sin,
They monilesse must goe.
Theare is no wight that vs'd it more,
Than hee that wrote this verse,
Who crieth, *peccaui*, now therefore
His othes his hart doe perce.
Therefor example take by mee,
That curse the luckless time,
That euer dice mine eyes did see,
Which bred in mee this crime.
Pardon mee for that is past,
I wil offend no more:
In this most vile and sinful cast,
Which I wil stil abhore.

AN EPITAPH ENTITVLED COMMVNE Defunctorum, such as our vnlearned Rithmours, accustomably make vpon the death of euerie *Tom Tyler*, as if it were a last for euery one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded.

COme to me, you Muses, and thow most chiefly, Minerua,
And ye that are dwellers in dens of darckned Auerna.
Help my pen in writing, a death most soarie reciting,
Of the good old Topas, soon too thee mightie syr Atlas.
For grauitee the Cato, for wit Mars, Bacchus, Apollo:
Scipio for warfare, for gentil curteste Cæsar.
A great Alexander, with a longe white neck like a gaunder.
In yeer's a Nestor, for wars a martial Hector,
Hannibal and Pompey, with Tristram, Gallahad, Orckney:
Hercules in coasting, a Vulcan mightily toasting.
In wisdoom Salomon, for streingth and courage a Sampson.
For iustice Radamanthus: in equity woorthy Lycurgus.
And not a Therstites, but he was a subtile Vlysses.
In learning Socrates: in faithful freendship Achates.
Yea, though he stand nameleste, hee was in prowes Achilles.
A Damon and Pythias, for gould and siluer a Midas.
Noë for continuaunce, a learned Tullie for vtt'raunce.
In trauaile Æneas, for secrets trustful Iöllas.
And in philosophy, a Raymond, a Bacon, a Ripply,
In medicins Pæon, Galen, and most famosed Alcon,
Plinie, Dioscorides, Hipocrates, and Arafornes,
O you cursd Parcas, why kyld ye the good soon of Atlas?
And whye, withowt mercy, doe ye slea thee fayre ladye Thisbee.
A Sara for goodneste, a greate Bellona for hudgneste.
For myldeneste Anna, for chastitye godlye Susanna.
Hester in a good shift, a Iudith stoute at a dead lift.
Also Iulietta, with Dido, ritch Cleopatra.
With sundrie nameleste, and woomen more many blameleste.
Is not he wel garded, thee wooman richly rewarded?

AN

AN EPITAPH WRITTEN BY SIR THOMAS More vpon the death of Henrie Abyngdō, one of the gentlemen of the chappel : which deuise the authour was fayne to put in meeter, by reason the partie that requested his trauel, did not like of a verye proper Epitaph that was first framed, because it ran not in rythme, as may appeare at ful in his Latin Epigrammes: wherevpon Syr Thomas More shapt these verses ensuing, with which the suppliant was exceedingly satisfyed as if the author had hit the nayle on the head.

Hic iacet Henricus, *semper pietatis* amicus :
Nomen Abingdon erat, *si quis sua nomina* quærat :
Wellis hic ecclesia *fuerat succentor in* alma,
Regis & in bella *cantor fuit ipse* capella.
Millibus in mille *cantor fuit optimus* ille.
Præter & hæc ista *fuit optimus* orgaqueniſta.
Nunc igitur Christe, *quoniam tibi seruiit* iste,
Semper in orbe soli *da sibi regna* poli.

The same though not *verbatim* construed, yet in effect thus may be translated, wherein the learned are not to looke for the exact obseruation of quantities of syllables, which the authour in the Latin did not very precisely keepe.

Here lyeth old Henry, no freend to mischeuus enuy.
Surnam'd Abyngdon, to al men most hartily welcoom.
Clerck he was in wellis, where tingle a great many bellis.
Also in thee chappel hee was not counted a moungrel:
And such a lowd singer, in a thowsand not such a ringer.
And with a concordance, a man most skilful in organce.
Now God I craue duly; sence this man seru'd the so truly.
Henry place in kingdoom, that is also named Abingdon.

FINIS.

THE

THE PRINTER TO THE

Curteous Reader.

I am to craue thy pacience (good Reader) & thy friendly acceptaunce of my paines in printing this booke. The nouelty of the verſe, and the abſence of the Author put me halfe in a feare either to diſpleaſe the gentlemã that penned it, or not to pleaſe the gentlemen that reade it: if I ſhould obſerue the newe Ortographie vſed in the booke, (whether with the writers mind, or the Printers fault, I know not) it might haue bred error in the vnderſtanding of many, and miſliking in the iudgement of moſt. And very loth I am to ſeeme iniurious to the Author, in ſtraying any whit from his preſcribed rules in writing, exactly obſeruing the quantity of euery ſyllable. If I haue here and there changed ſome one or other letter, my purpoſe was to giue more light to the matter, by that maner of ſpeech, whereto our country men are moſt acquainted. The abſence of any letter, which for the neceſſitie of the verſe often falleth out, I haue noted with an Apoſtrophe thus (') for the placing of two oo and ee for one, and contrary one for two, which thou mayſt often meete with in reading, I am to refer thee to the Authors Epiſtle, at the beginning. & generally to commẽd to thy curteſie my trauaile in ſo ſtraunge and vnaccuſtomed a worke.